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Three dollars per year in advance, postpaid, in any part of the United States or Mexico; to Canada \$3.50, and to foreign countries comprised in the Postal Union \$4.00.

Address THE NATION, Box 794, New York.
Publication Office, 20 Vesey Street.

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The Nation

NEW YORK THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1912.

The Week

How much of a "mandate" will the Democrats have behind them for tariff reform? Doubtless a great deal will be made in protection quarters of the fact that both Roosevelt and Taft stood for high protection, and that if we added their votes in every State, leaving Wilson's as it stands, Wilson would be found badly beaten. But, apart from the fundamental unsoundness of any such might-have-been calculations, there are two circumstances that destroy this contention as related to the tariff question. In the first place, the great bulk of the Roosevelt vote was given to him without any reference to the tariff issue; it was a "We Want Teddy" vote, Teddy being wanted by his followers either because he was personally their idol or because he stood for the distinctive programme of the new party—the "social justice" programme. Thus Jane Addams expressly stated that she espoused Roosevelt's cause in spite of her intense opposition to protectionism. And in the second place, whatever may be said of 1912, there is no question at all about the "mandate" of 1910. It was on the tariff issue that the Republican party was then overwhelmed, and everything that happened between the Congressional elections of 1910 and the Presidential election the other day only confirmed the showing then made of the state of the public mind on the subject.

Difficulties of party nomenclature will confront the opposition in the new Congress. There will be Republicans and Progressives, of course; but how is the distinction to be made between the Roosevelt Progressives and the anti-Roosevelt Progressives? The situation in the Senate is peculiarly interesting. Of the seven men who by their vote on the Payne-Aldrich bill broke openly with the Administration, and earned the name of Insurgents, one, Dolliver, is dead, and another, Beveridge, is out of the Senate. Senator Nelson's term expires next March, but he seems to be sure to succeed himself. When the break with the Republican party became

permanent, the provisional term Insurgent gave way to the almost official name Progressive. To the five survivors of the original Progressive Senators—Bristow, Clapp, Cummins, La Follette, and Nelson—there have been added three others, Gronna, Poindexter, and Works. But of these eight men, only two—Clapp and Poindexter—are Roosevelt men. Now that the Progressive name has become so closely associated with the fortunes of the Colonel, what will Mr. La Follette do, or Mr. Nelson, or Mr. Works? Will they retain a label which morally is theirs but in practice would stamp them as followers of one they decidedly do not love? Or are we to have something like a four-party system in the Senate, with Democrats, Republicans, Progressive Republicans, and National Progressives?

A marked feature of the election was the widespread embarrassment caused by the "big" ballot. Voters from the Atlantic to the Pacific were confused and impeded in the registration of their choice by ballots both unwieldy and puzzling. In Pennsylvania eleven party tickets helped to swell the ballot to proportions which gorged the boxes long before the polls closed. Mayor Blankenburg of Philadelphia, who voted about midday, was forced to "stuff" the box by the judicious use of a poker. In Chicago, the ballot was said to be the largest ever voted anywhere. In the State of Washington the official paper measured no less than thirty by forty inches; and the fact that thirty-eight measures were presented for the ratification of the people of Oregon, in addition to the names of national, State, and local candidates, necessitated a huge ballot in that commonwealth also. Indeed, it was but a slight exaggeration for one of our Chicago contemporaries to remark that the problem of the voter was to get himself and his ballot into the booth at the same time. The evils of such a condition are manifest. There is ground for hope, however, that the extent of the annoyance this year may prove an effective argument for the short ballot in the future.

Of the two Napoleonic moves suddenly made by the Colonel preparatory to

the campaign of Armageddon, it is difficult to say which has proved the more complete failure. He declared for woman suffrage, and five of the six suffrage States refused to follow his banner. His cool throwing over of the Southern colored delegates was an act of deliberate calculation, and that calculation has been absolutely falsified. Hardly so much as the faintest echo to his bid for Southern white support was heard from any quarter during the campaign; and the figures of the election confirm the tale of flat failure. Is it not quite possible, too, that both the sudden access of fervor in the woman-suffrage cause and the hasty adoption of a policy towards the negroes which was in diametrical contrast with his actions while President, hurt the Colonel in all parts of the country by chilling the faith of thousands in his sincerity?

A professor of history has doubtless as much right as anybody else to state just what would have happened in an election if things had been other than as they were; and Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart, in a long and elaborate letter in the *New York Times*, makes abundant use of that privilege. His lucubrations, however, are almost childishly innocent; and he further relieves us of any impulse we might nevertheless have felt to analyze his speculations into what *would* have happened, by making a ridiculous blunder as to what actually *did* happen. He lays great stress on the matter of the Southern vote, which "the name Republican repels"; and this is what he says about the figures of that vote:

The scanty returns show Roosevelt votes in every Southern State, with a total of between 500,000 and 600,000. That is a splendid start in the South, but the greater part of that vote cannot be had by the Republican party.

Now, taking the returns as given by Professor Hart himself in the table appended to his letter, the total Roosevelt vote in the eleven Southern States was not "between 500,000 and 600,000," but just 271,000; and the aggregate of the votes for Taft and Roosevelt together in these States was 473,000. But this is not the worst of it; for, so far from being "a splendid start in the South," the fact is that Mr. Taft in 1908, with the

full burden of the repellent name Republican on him, polled 504,000 votes in these same States, or 31,000 more than Roosevelt and Taft together polled this year.

So gross a blunder—due to no mere arithmetical slip, for Mr. Hart simply did not think it necessary to look up the figures of 1908 in order to assert that the figures of 1912 were something new and wonderful—ought to suffice for one exhibition by a professor of history; but Professor Hart gives us a delightful logical error for good measure. He asserts that the figures of the election show that the Roosevelt men at the Chicago Convention were right in their claims in "Texas, with 38,000 to 36,000." The decision of the Committee on Credentials, he says, "has been 'recalled' by the voters." We have no desire to go into the facts of the case; but it would be interesting to know by what newly invented mental process Mr. Hart is able to regard the 38,000 Texas votes for the Progressive candidate in November as having been Republican votes in June, in the face of his own statement that "the greater part" of those who voted for Roosevelt in the South last Tuesday are men whom "the name Republican repels" and whose votes "cannot be had for the Republican party."

This is unquestionably, and in some sense preëminently, an age of discussion. The multitude reached by the printed word is incomparably greater than that which, in any previous age of the world, was seriously addressed by the exponents of varying views on the great questions of the time. Equally striking is the range of topics which form the subject-matter of discussion. On the one hand, there is an enormous mass of problems occupying the attention of specialists in the various sciences; and on the other hand, in the domain of politics, of ethics, of economics, of social customs and ideals, of human interests generally, old-established convictions and traditions are constantly challenged in the forum of general popular discussion. And finally, the instrumentalities of discussion have been multiplied with almost bewildering rapidity. Congresses, conventions, conferences, societies, "academies," clubs, organizations of every conceivable nature, and dealing with every conceivable in-

terest, abound in a degree that a few decades ago was wholly unknown.

In spite of this vast extension of the function of discussion in our modern life—perhaps indeed because of it—there is one important aspect of discussion in which we seemed to have retrograded rather than progressed. It must often impress the lover of keen and solid debate that, in the very places where this might most be looked for, we find it almost wholly absent. To take the most conspicuous of recent discussions, the Presidential campaign just closed: it furnished no such crop of genuine debate, debate with backbone, as the older political contests of our country used to supply. The combatants seldom came to grapples, and when they did the discussion was confined to the very largest outlines of their respective positions. One can hardly help feeling, in this and in other instances, that with the spreading out of the field, the enlargement of the audience, and the multiplication of the quantity of argumentative matter fed to the public, there has gone a certain softening of the metal, a certain blunting of the edge, of the sword of debate.

The programme of the annual meeting of the American Economic Association, to be held in Boston December 27 to 31, is of exceptional interest. This is owing not to the mere timeliness of the subjects, for this may well be an objection rather than a recommendation in the case of a body which should be regarded as primarily scientific; but the topics to be discussed, besides being timely in the highest degree, are all of them of such character as to demand for their proper treatment the resources of minds thoroughly trained in the methods of economic thought. The four main subjects are "The Minimum Wage," "The Rising Cost of Living," "Banking Reform," and "Economics of Governmental Price Regulation." We would suggest to the management of the Association that special arrangements be made to obtain such means of reporting the meetings as will encourage the publication by the daily press of fairly adequate accounts of the papers and discussions; full reports are of course printed in the Proceedings of the Association some months later, but these do not reach the general public. We note

with interest the statement, in the announcement, that "it is the aim to give less than the usual time to the reading of formal papers and more time to discussion."

Signs of a rush for the cyclone cellar are still exasperatingly absent. During the campaign, this strange insensitiveness in the presence of great peril might have been ascribed to the invincible optimism of the American temper and the confidence of the great business men of the country that, in spite of all signs to the contrary, the nation would at the last moment rally to the defence of that protective system on which its prosperity has been built. But there is no longer any way out of the conclusion that the business world is simply deaf, dumb, and blind. With the Democrats actually sweeping not only the Presidency and the House, but—what few thought possible up to a very little while ago—also the Senate, ruin stares the country squarely in the face, and yet the business world goes on smiling as if nothing had happened. It is not content even with a besotted silence on the situation; here is a group of financiers and business men of national prominence meeting in Philadelphia and talking of the prospect of brilliantly good times before the country.

One of the most regrettable of Mr. Taft's preëlection acts was his coming out in favor of the Militia Pay bill, just two or three days before the voting. There was no necessity for thus committing himself in advance to this measure, which is, on its face, one of the most dangerous that have been before Congress in many a year. Ever since the foundation of our government the militia service of the country has been performed by volunteers, who are unpaid except when actually in camp or in the field. This bill provides payment for every drill participated in by a militiaman in the armories, at the rate of from fifty cents per man upward. Now, it cannot be maintained that this is necessary because of a failure to obtain good and sufficient recruits for the Guard. It has always been possible to get men enough for regiments which are well administered. In New York State, for instance, we have seen within a year the organization of three new cavalry and artillery regiments, while

the colored people are begging for the opportunity to form still another. It is estimated that the bill will cost the Government eight million dollars to begin with. This is probably just about as trustworthy a guess as those in the past in regard to the cost of pension bills. If the history of our Government shows anything, it is that this eight millions will rapidly be doubled and trebled; it would be a false step that, once taken, could not be retraced, and it would lead to one raid after another upon the Treasury.

Another world's record is brought to the attention of a proud and happy nation by the secretary of the Atlanta Chamber of Commerce, who writes:

You no doubt will be interested in knowing that Gov. Joseph M. Brown has just measured an acre in his Cherokee County farm, which produced 158 bushels of corn. This breaks the world's record for corn raised by a Governor.

The new world's record is duly noted and accepted. It immediately takes its place beside the recently established world's record for the highest altitude ever attained by a Hard-shell Baptist minister in a one-hundred-horsepower Blériot monoplane, flying between 2 and 4 P. M. in a non-mountainous country; the world's record for the quickest time ever made by a one-legged Irish newsboy in swimming the North River from West Fifty-ninth Street to Weehawken, and other similar world's records which cause the breast of every true American to swell with pride. As a people, we suppose ourselves to be liberally endowed with the sense of humor.

An important contribution to the psychology of salesmanship has just been made in a trial in London. An art adviser and an art collector, both well known, combined their forces for the purpose of making a concerted attack upon American millionaires. The attack was so far successful in one case as to result in the sale of several hundred thousand dollars' worth of pictures. The commissions upon this amount would be quite attractive, and the plaintiff sued to get them. During the cross-examination of the defendant the following colloquy occurred:

When you offered Mr. Temple only \$10,000, was it so that you might get another bit for yourself?

No, not at all. It was because I had discovered his incapacity and unworthiness.

The fact remains that, having discovered his incapacity and unworthiness, you still went on taking introductions from him for buying purposes.

But not for selling.

Then his unworthiness did not affect him as a buyer?

No. I held and hold to-day the impression that his "highfalutin" manner and habit of flattering people to the top of their bent has a disturbing effect, and is not calculated to inspire a buyer to buy.

But it is calculated to inspire a seller to sell?

Yes. Mr. Temple is a past master in that.

Our correspondence schools in the science of salesmanship should not overlook this "tip" from a country whose business methods we are too apt to undervalue.

The report of the Royal Commission on Divorce recommends marked liberalizing of the existing laws. In the present conspicuous position of questions of women's rights in general, the recommendation that husband and wife be placed upon an absolutely equal footing is naturally raised to prominence in the newspaper headlines; but this measure is only one of several changes of the highest importance recommended by the Commission. On the question of equality there seems to have been complete unanimity in the Commission; while on the most far-reaching of the recommendations in the direction of enlarging the grounds for divorce, a minority of three is recorded in opposition to the majority of nine. If the recommendations of the majority shall be embodied in law, divorce will hereafter be obtainable in England on five grounds other than adultery—wilful desertion for three years and upward, cruelty, incurable insanity after five years' confinement, habitual drunkenness found incurable after three years, and imprisonment under a commuted death sentence. In this country there will be few to doubt the wisdom of these provisions for relief from the marriage tie when it entails cruel and needless hardship.

The term Holy War, when used of the Mohammedan world, still connotes something awful and menacing to the Western imagination. In the last half-dozen years the Holy War, in connection with that other indefinite thing, Pan-Islamism, has been spoken of as a possible event which the European nations must guard themselves against. But there have been Holy Wars in Mohammedan

countries in this period, and they have shown no apparent difference in the final outcome. The natives of Morocco have risen against the French in the name of the Prophet. The Turks in Tripoli gave to their fight against Italy a religious cast. But the French and the Italians have made their way just as if it were an every-day, secular war they were engaged in. A Holy War is no more effective than any other kind of war if there are no men and guns to fight it with. In Morocco, in Tripoli, in Persia, and now in Turkey, the Mohammedan world has come into conflict with European ambitions and has had to give way. The only thing the proclamation of a Holy War can lead to is the massacre of Christians. But experience has shown again and again that massacre, whether in Turkey or in Russia, has been brought about by orders from above. We doubt whether the Ottoman Government will run the risk of utter destruction by instigating slaughter which can do nothing to change the fortunes of the present war.

In French military circles much comfort is taken over one supposed lesson of the war in the Balkans. The fact that the training of the Turkish army was for years under the expert guidance of a German officer of high rank, and that the Turkish fortifications were erected under German supervision, is regarded in Paris as disastrous to the legend of German invincibility. In addition, there is the fact that the Bulgarian forces have been equipped with the same type of artillery that has been lately introduced in the French army, and have amply demonstrated its effectiveness. But it seems that the Balkans have repeated the lesson of Manchuria; the chances of war cannot be forecast by the mere weighing of population masses. Preparation, courage, dash, will enable a nation to defeat one twice its size. To that extent France, with her forty millions, need not lose heart at the thought of Germany's sixty-odd millions. But it is absurd to imagine that the parallel between Germany on the one hand and Russia or Turkey on the other can go any further. There are some who maintain that the famous German military discipline has gone stale. But no one asserts that the spirit of the nation is not as vigorous as it ever has been.

IS IT A "REVOLUTION"?

After every one-sided national election, many start up with confident remarks about a "political revolution." This year the temptation that way was obvious, and some are unable to resist it. Col. Watterson naturally leads the band of positive interpreters of the results, and, undismayed by his own sad record as a prophet, he undertakes to read the future. To his mind, the "revolution" is already an accomplished fact. The Republican party has fallen "into a heap of shapeless ruin." "It will never rise again." "The little that is left of it the Bull Moose will swallow." Everybody is familiar with this kind of writing. It is easy and picturesque, but is it not far too easy and too picturesque to be probably true?

We remember to have heard that sort of thing before. After the utter collapse of the Democratic party in 1872, with Greeley as candidate, there were equally glib and cocksure assertions that the result of the election was revolutionary and that the Democratic party was forever done for. It was spoken of as a "putrescent corpse." But in two years' time the corpse started into life vigorous enough to elect a majority of the House of Representatives, and again in 1876 to poll a greater popular vote for its Presidential candidate than the Republicans were able to muster. Great historic political parties are generally, like Fuzzy Wuzzy, shammin' when they're dead. A sword was, indeed, thrust into the vitals of the Whig party in the shape of the slavery question, which in like manner was presently to rend the country asunder. But will even the loudest-snorting Bull Moose pretend that there is any issue comparable to that one to-day dividing the Republican party and threatening it with destruction? Those with a memory recall that similar prophecies of speedy Republican dissolution were made after that party was smitten hip and thigh in 1892. In that year, too, Wisconsin and Illinois and other supposedly rock-fast States were carried by Cleveland, and in view of the astonishing election returns a veteran political observer felt justified in saying that the Republican party had all the marks of a dying party. In fact, however, it was soon to enter upon a long new lease of power.

The truth is that an established po-

litical party is a particularly tough organism, very hard to kill. The mortality rate of third parties is, indeed, alarmingly high—close upon 100 per cent., in fact. But the name and the banner to which millions of voters have been for generations in the habit of rallying, will not so easily disappear. The name, to be sure, may come to have new meanings. On the banner the mottoes and inscriptions will vary from time to time. But the historic continuity is not easily broken off. Children will keep on being born Liberal or Conservative, Democratic or Republican, no matter whether those party names have ceased to signify exactly what they did in the days of their grandfathers. It is obviously this almost infinite adaptability of parties that increases their chances of survival. At the very moment when they are said to be worn-out, exhausted, and fit only to be discarded, new elements of life and popular strength may be infused into them.

A terrible blow the Republican party has unquestionably suffered. But at present there is no convincing reason for asserting that it has met with more than a disaster, from which there may be recovery. The party has in other years shown too great a power of recuperation to warrant these hasty conclusions that it has now been "annihilated." It still has a hold upon the affections and loyalty of millions. It still numbers many able leaders and skilled politicians. We may be sure that they are not thinking of abandoning their party name, or of giving up hope. They will eagerly watch for opportunity to grasp the skirts of circumstance and to be carried back into power. Revolution for revolution, they will count upon one working in their favor in the course of years, and by the law of averages. If all else fails them, they will draw courage from their belief in the inability of the Democrats long to refrain from quarrelling and blundering.

No, "revolution" is too portentous a word to apply to what has happened. Some more moderate expression, such as readjustment or realignment, would more closely fit the case. That great party changes are before us is plain to the dullest. The Democrats cannot possibly hold the political strength which came to them through the nearly equal division of their opponents. They

are certain to lose some States and many Congressmen in the elections of 1913 and 1914. And the great political question is in what shape and by what means the party of opposition may be reconstructed and made effective. To this problem, no man need have any doubt that the consummate politician at Oyster Bay is giving anxious thought. How if he should in time make approaches to the Republican leaders? How if he should open confidential communications with the Republican bosses? How if he should quietly prepare to "chuck" the Progressive party as such, and to carry over all of it that he could to the Republican ranks, on condition that he be made commander-in-chief of the allied forces in 1916? We are far from asserting that these things will occur. But they may occur. Various kinds of party rearrangement may be attempted; and if any of them succeed, even partially, we shall soon see how premature and absurd it is to speak of the election as meaning a "revolution."

JUDGES DO MOVE.

During the past few years the nature and functions of the judge have been discussed in this country with a freedom and even rudeness never known before. Extreme views on either side have been presented—too extreme to be credible; but in one rather moderate opinion there has been acquiescence by many who yet would not agree that judges are either saints or devils. This common opinion is that the judge, from the character of his training and of his work, is a being who dwells apart from the currents of thought and the turmoil that deeply affect his fellow-citizens. He is often pictured as an official who lives, as it were, in an apartment hermetically sealed, studying his cases and making his decisions with an eye solely upon precedent, and totally unaware of what is going on in the stirring world about him. Sometimes his sense of aloofness and of immunity from criticism is represented as a kind of selfish complacency; so Walter Bagehot jocosely described the appointed judge as saying to himself: "Thank Heaven, I can be removed from this office only by vote of both Houses of Parliament!" But the usual feeling is merely that the judges are set too far apart from the human interests of their time, and too indif-

ferent to them. This view was sharply challenged not long ago by a former judge, W. H. Taft, who affirmed that no set of men were more sensitive than judges to the opinions of their fellows and the demands of the public.

In confirmation of this, several recent actions by the courts might be cited. There is, for example, that sweeping revision of the rules of procedure in the Federal courts, set forth the other day by the United States Supreme Court. As explained by Chief Justice White, to whose initiative and patient labor the reform is largely due, the new regulations will greatly facilitate the administration of justice. This will be made more speedy and less costly, while many abuses, such as the issue of injunctions without notice to the persons adversely affected, and without provision for an early hearing, are done away with. It is not the details, however, that we would now dwell upon, but the main fact itself. Here is a great step forward in the reform of judicial procedure, the work of judges themselves. In this instance, at least, it is not true that they were wholly ignorant of popular complaints, or indifferent to the need of devising and applying remedies for the things complained of. They went about the improvement cautiously, to be sure, and not by the methods of hurricane reform, but the point is that they did go about it and achieved it.

Even in the matter of judicial decisions there is evidence that the judges are awake to the need of modifying old rules of law in order to make them better fit modern conditions. Just before the election, there was a somewhat heated controversy—on one side—between Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Root, with three or four other eminent lawyers. They alleged that in Mr. Roosevelt's criticism of certain decisions of the New York Court of Appeals, the law had been misstated and the exact ground and effect of the decisions misapprehended. The disputants did not really address themselves to the same point; but in his reply Mr. Roosevelt had the facts on his side when he asserted that, whatever may have been the case with the early decision regarding the assumption of risk by an employee, the latest decision by the Court of Appeals took a different and more humane view.

The case in question was that of *Fitzwater v. Warren*, which was decided

on October 22. The opinions were printed in the *Law Journal* of November 4. The question of a master's liability for injury to a servant was involved, and, in brief, the decision was that "public policy precludes an employee from assuming a risk created by his employer's violation of a statute [for safety appliances, etc.] or from waiving liability of the latter for injuries caused thereby." In his majority opinion—two judges dissented—Chief Justice Cullen was very frank in admitting that the court had departed from its earlier doctrine. But he pointed out that the Federal courts had taken a different view of the law of employer's liability, and also that "the doctrine of the *Knisely* case had been largely qualified, if not virtually overruled," by a subsequent decision of the Court of Appeals itself. After the argument from the law and from cases cited, the Chief Justice closed his opinion with some striking words bearing directly upon the general matter we are discussing. Judge Cullen said:

The statute which the defendants violated was enacted for the express purpose of safeguarding the persons of employees. Where an employer deliberately fails to comply with the statute the courts should be loath, except in a very clear case, to hold that the employee assumes the risk of his master's violation of the law. Otherwise the beneficent results sought to be attained by the statute will fail to be realized. There seems at the present day an effort by constitutional amendment to render a master liable to his employee for injury received in his employment, though the master has been guilty of no fault whatever, and I feel that such effort is in no small measure due to the tendency evinced at times by the courts to relieve the master, though concededly at fault, from liability to his employee on the theory that the latter assumed the risk of the master's fault.

Such a manifest readiness of the Court of Appeals to take cognizance of a visibly rising public sentiment, and to make old rules bend to new conditions, is a good thing for the country and a good thing for the judges. It shows them—what, of course, all people not blinded by passion knew them to be all along—to be as alive and humane as the next men. Even when the courts are compelled to make decisions which appear to go against the feeling of instinctive natural rights, they are careful to point out that it is the law, not their own desires, which they are expounding, and to indicate the changes in legislation which ought to be had in order to make the statute square with human-

ity. It is certain that it will need only a few more instances such as those we have mentioned—and they could doubtless be paralleled from the judicial records of many States—to make an end of the absurd conception that a judge is not susceptible to the aspirations of the men and women about him, and lives his life and does his work apart, as a sort of unnatural monster without either knowledge of his struggling fellows or a flicker of pity for them.

BALKAN DIPLOMACY.

For the moment Austria is the centre of interest in the Balkan situation. It is generally assumed that it is for Austria to decide whether the present war shall widen into a general European conflict. War or peace is in her making by the attitude she assumes towards Servian claims in the reshaping of the map of the Balkan peninsula. That such a process of reconstruction is at hand is taken for granted. It is to follow the final defeat of the Turks before Constantinople. As a matter of fact, until the final collapse does come, there is a large element of uncertainty in the game of territorial rearrangements that is now being vigorously played on paper. The Turk may not be stripped quite so bare of his European possessions as the allies have threatened. And, naturally, the more there is left to the Porte, the less there will be for the allies and other interested parties to divide. If Bulgaria, for instance, obtains satisfaction in Thrace, her allies will have a free hand in their respective spheres. If Bulgaria obtains less than she expected, she might be inclined to seek compensation in Macedonia, where Bulgarian, Servian, and Greek claims come into conflict.

But for the time being let us assume that Turkey is brought to her knees, that Constantinople, with a surrounding strip of territory, is all the Porte can save out of the ruin, and that the rest of her European possessions are to be carved out and distributed. How would this process be carried out if the matter rested entirely with the Balkan states, if Austrian ambitions, Russian ambitions, Italian ambitions, were left completely out of account? European Turkey to-day has a population of about 6,500,000. To Constantinople and its environs may be assigned a million and a half. There would thus be a popula-

tion of some five millions to be redistributed politically, including more than a million Mohammedans divided into two great groups, the Pomak mountaineers of Thrace and Macedonia and the Mussulmans of Albania. The Christian population, numbering something less than four millions, and omitting such minor groups as Armenians and Wallachians, would show about 1,500,000 of Bulgarian race, about 1,000,000 Servians, and about 800,000 Greeks. The fact that these races dwell closely intermingled makes an exact reconstruction on ethnical lines impossible. But taking practical reasons into consideration, Bulgaria would receive her share of the profits on the Black Sea and the Ægean, and Greece would spread northward into Epirus and the neighborhood of Salonica.

When we come to Servia, we find that without outside interference her share would be the easiest one to define. The Serb population now under Turkish rule is concentrated in the Sanjak of Novibazar, which projects northward like a horn from the main line of the Turkish frontier, and is bounded on the east by Servia, on the west by Montenegro, and on the north, for a distance of some thirty miles, by Austria-Hungary. Were Servia to occupy Novibazar and close up the gap between its frontiers and Montenegro, Austria would be cut off from all possibility of future access to the Ægean, the accepted goal of traditional Austrian diplomacy. But even if Servia were to consent to Austrian sovereignty in Novibazar and seek compensation further to the south, in the direction of the Adriatic, as she is now doing according to report, the difficulty with Austria is not avoided. Any Servian approach to the Adriatic draws a bar straight across the line of the Austrian advance. There are alternatives. Servia might yield to Austrian threats and abandon her hope of finding an outlet to the sea. But that is unimaginable. Of the four Balkan states, Servia alone has no outlet to the sea. Even tiny Montenegro has the two ports of Antivari and Dulcigno. In view of the tremendous sacrifices the Servian people have made, and their splendid victory, it is impossible to suppose that they will consent to remain a landlocked nation, dependent for their economic well-being almost entirely upon the good-will of Austria.

There is one possible way out. Servia might search for her harbors, not on the Adriatic, but on the Ægean. Instead of putting herself square across Austria's path, she might march parallel with Austria southward. Salonica is exactly the same distance from the Servian frontier as San Giovanni di Medua, the Adriatic port which the Servians are reported to be coveting. Such an arrangement, it is true, presents many difficulties. It would produce a territorial gerrymander of extraordinary character. Instead of adding the compact natural territories to the southwest, with a predominant Serb population, it would be tying a thin, elongated tail to the Servian kite, presenting all kinds of difficulties of an administrative and military nature. Moreover, such a Servian advance to the Ægean would be crowding both on Bulgaria and on Greece.

Will, then, Austria consent to abandon her traditional policy? Will she give up her hopes of Salonica? That, likewise, is too much to expect. And yet it may be pointed out that Austria's aspirations towards a port on the Ægean were based on a state of affairs which has now disappeared. The problem as it presented itself to Austrian statesmen under the old conditions was probably something as follows: The rule of the Turk in Europe would recede, but gradually. Step by step Austria would move downward, from Bosnia into the Sanjak of Novibazar, from Novibazar into Macedonia, and so on to Salonica. As Austria moved southward, the humble Balkan people would be appeased with a bit of territory here and a bit there. But to-day that is out of the question. The Balkan states will not allow the outsider to run off with the lion's share of the spoil. Servia will insist on a substantial slice of the Turk's dominion. So will Greece, coming north to meet the Servian expansion. Even if a narrow pathway should be left open for Austria to Salonica, what strategic value would it have with the Balkan states camped on either flank? With the Balkan states united and flushed with victory, Austria's approach to the Ægean would be very much like a runner with the ball dodging his way across a football field, always in danger of being tackled and thrown.

MR. BRYCE'S RETIREMENT.

Mr. Bryce is an Englishman, but he is at the same time about the most popular American. When we stop to think of him officially, we remember that he is British Ambassador, but nothing can now prevent this country from regarding him as, somehow, an American institution. We can imagine another man in the British Embassy at Washington, but Mr. Bryce cannot be supplanted as a sort of life-ambassador to this nation, which he so wonderfully understands and which he has so greatly helped to understand itself. The announcement of his coming retirement inevitably causes wide regret. This is somewhat lessened by the assurance that his resignation is not to take effect at once. He wishes to leave the diplomatic slate clean for his successor, and may continue in Washington till the new President comes in. He passed some time ago the age-limit for Ambassadors in the British service; but his home Government was wise enough to see that years do not count in the case of a mind so alert and energetic as his, and made an exception in his favor. The exception was really in favor of this country, to which no higher compliment could have been paid by England than sending Mr. Bryce to Washington.

Recent dispatches from London intimate, what has been well known, that the English Conservatives, with some of their most powerful organs in the press, have taken a highly unfavorable view of Mr. Bryce's diplomatic career. This attitude has been, in part, a result of the bitter party warfare in England. Mr. Bryce was not a regularly trained diplomat. He entered the service late and at the top. He had been an active and eminent Liberal, and it was perhaps not unnatural that a dead set should have been made at him by his political opponents when he left the Cabinet to become Ambassador. At any rate, a Tory newspaper campaign was early begun against him, and has been pretty steadily kept up. It started off at what Swift called the standard of stupidity, by alleging that Mr. Bryce was not tactful in his dealings with Americans. The London *Times* had a portentous cabled account of the way in which the British Ambassador, by not going to a gathering in Pittsburgh where the German Ambassador was present, had allowed Germany to take

first place in American affections. But this sort of stuff was soon perceived to be too ludicrous, and the attack was shifted to Mr. Bryce's efficiency in his official work. Charges of varying degrees of silliness have been made in the English press and aired in the House of Commons. They have been met by the most precise denials on the part of Sir Edward Grey, and the confidence of the Ministry in Mr. Bryce has been unshaken; but it is obvious that repetition of the accusations has tended to give them a certain weight with a portion of the British public.

What has been alleged is that Ambassador Bryce has not stood up stoutly enough for the interests of his own country; that he did not closely enough watch American machinations against Canada (we are giving the Tory point of view); and that he allowed himself to be overreached in diplomatic agreements. But to any one familiar with the facts, these charges fall of their own weight. Mr. Bryce is a keen man of business. He is not so foolish as to imagine that a diplomat can win every point, but both Roosevelt and Taft, as well as Secretaries Root and Knox, would bear witness to the truth that Mr. Bryce has been as resolute as any Ambassador ought to be in maintaining every essential contention by his own Government. The only instance in which there was the slightest color for the charge that Mr. Bryce had been neglectful, or had been deceived, was the case of the Canadian reciprocity agreement. But his Tory critics overlook the fact that he was not and could not be a party to that negotiation. Canada kept it jealously in her own hands. She would have brooked no English interference with her fiscal freedom. Mr. Bryce's duty was limited to reporting what was being considered and what was finally done. He did not know, and no one was able to conceive, of Mr. Taft's writing that fearfully indiscreet letter to Col. Roosevelt about making Canada an "adjunct" of the United States. If writing it was a huge blunder, publishing it later was well-nigh a diplomatic crime. Mr. Bryce, though wholly blameless, no doubt suffered from it in England. But in general it may safely be asserted that his official work has been as successfully performed, in its own way, as his greater mission of unofficial intermediary.

How ably and delightfully he has played this last rôle, it is needless to argue in detail. No speaker on public occasions has been so much sought after as he. Before the American Bar Association, before historical and antiquarian societies, at chambers of commerce and at colleges, he has made addresses as a welcome and honored guest; and throughout the land has made himself known to all sorts and conditions of men as a friend of this country, intelligent enough to admire her and brave enough to point out her shortcomings. In view of all this, it is simply laughable to read the Tory complaints that Mr. Bryce has not been a success in this country! Ask his diplomatic colleagues, above all, ten years from now, ask his successor, who will be a lucky man if, after prolonged and arduous labor, he is able to attain one-tenth part of the influence which Mr. Bryce had from the beginning of his Ambassadorship, and has since constantly increased.

Although we must make up our minds to part with Mr. Bryce, we shall know that his friendship for this nation will continue undimmed, and that his amazing knowledge of our affairs will induce him to follow our future attempts to solve the present democratic problem with intense and unfailing interest. Retirement can mean for him only a change of mental activity. His eagerness for information, and his power of interpreting it philosophically, will go with him into his days of greater leisure, and will keep on making of his conversation and his writing that fine blending of instruction and charm which they long have been. Unbent by the weight of years, with a memory still wax to receive and marble to retain, so that all his vast stores of knowledge are readily at command, with hope for the world unquenched in his heart, the stoutest of convinced optimists, Mr. Bryce may go on giving us, when freed from official cares, incisive studies and rich comments on the march of democracy.

PRINTS IN BOSTON.

The announcement made by the Boston Museum of Fine Arts relative to the reorganization of its Print Department, and to a plan for closer cooperation with Harvard University in recognizing the

educational value of the engraving arts, is sufficiently interesting and important. "The United States should possess a print collection worthy of comparison with the great collections abroad, and it is felt that the Boston collection offers the best field for development." So speak the Museum authorities, and they announce the appointment of a new curator of the department, Mr. FitzRoy Carrington, of New York, to carry out this great undertaking. It has a national no less than a local significance. Indeed, this national aspect is already emphasized by the further statement that "the Department will be well equipped to cooperate with print collectors both here and elsewhere, and it is hoped that a national society of print collectors in America may be the outcome of the organization."

So far, print collections in American public institutions have received their accessions for the most part through gifts by private individuals. The result has been that their growth has been more or less governed by considerations of personal taste, and that they are thus rarely representative of the engraving arts as a whole. The time has obviously now come for the museums to undertake constructive work on a more extended scale than ever before, and to bring their collections to a point of completeness where they will be of real service to the serious student. It will not be necessary in every instance to have the finest proof of any given etching or engraving; but a good proof should so far as possible be procured of every important plate. The student should have access to a full documentary record of every master mentioned in the standard textbooks.

This is apparently the aim of the Boston Museum, which has already made a good beginning in this very direction, as was noted by Dr. Wilhelm Bode on the occasion of his recent visit to America. It is stated in the *Bulletin* that "the Print Department of this Museum has now more than sixty thousand prints, a collection which shows the history of the art from its beginning, and contains examples of the work of all the great masters." Doubtless contributors to the large endowment fund which is now being raised, who live in other cities, see in the excellent nucleus thus provided an advantage on the part of Boston to offset other advantages of

ferred by cities like New York and Washington as centres for a great national collection of prints, and as radiating points for a nation-wide effort to foster their appreciation. But Boston itself possesses still further advantages, not least among which are the position it holds historically as a leader in intellectual and cultural movements, and its proximity to Cambridge. There is no other American university whose fine arts department is so well organized as Harvard's. In the combined treasures of the Boston Museum and the rich Gray collection at the Fogg Museum, the Harvard student will have unparalleled facilities for the study of prints; and in Mr. Carrington, who will both lecture at the University and talk informally to students in the galleries of the two museums, he will have an instructor thoroughly trained in the knowledge and appreciation of his subject.

For twenty years Mr. Carrington's work has lain in this field, and, while his experience has been mainly commercial, a business like that of print-selling involves so considerable and so constant an exercise of the critical faculty that it is difficult to see what training could better fit a man for academic duties. As for his more purely technical work at the Museum, Mr. Carrington has long been known as an expert authority on prints, and is undoubtedly well qualified to become curator of a great collection; while the active part he has taken in the educational propaganda inaugurated by the late Frederick Keppel as part of his business policy, should be of great assistance to him in conceiving and carrying out plans to increase the number of print lovers in America, to organize them, and to direct their efforts. To help him in this, he will have the *Print Collector's Quarterly*, which he started two years ago, and which, it is understood, will hereafter be published by the Museum with the guarantee of a friend. Under these auspices, this magazine, which already occupies the field alone in this country, should greatly increase the scope of its usefulness.

We see no reason why the Boston enterprise, to whatever proportions it may grow, should not rather encourage than discourage plans for similar extension and university coöperation elsewhere, in any city which is so fortunate as already to possess a college and the nucleus of a print collection. Such collec-

tions may be rendered of high advantage to a community by development along the right lines. This would entail no vast expenditure, as does the accumulation of a representative collection of paintings, or even of drawings by great masters. It does require, however, a certain moderate outlay, and one of the lessons of the new Boston venture is the need, on the part of museums and libraries, not only of gifts, as heretofore, of fine private collections of prints, however limited in range, but of endowments as well to permit custodians and curators to purchase prints in accordance with a fixed scheme shaped to meet the requirements of individual institutions. Doubtless some part of the fund which is being raised by the friends of the Boston Museum to make it possible to add Mr. Carrington to its staff, is to become available for such uses, and it is to be hoped that the example will serve as an incentive to those who have the good of our other great galleries at heart.

BERGSON AND ROUSSEAU.

Perhaps the two men most talked and written about internationally of late have been Rousseau and M. Bergson. The world has, to be sure, just been celebrating the bicentenary of Rousseau's birth; but quite apart from the bicentenary there has been a constant stream of books and articles for years past, nearly all designed to show that Rousseau is, in Amiel's phrase, an ancestor in all things. The *Revue de Métaphysique et de Morale* recently devoted a special double number to a symposium on this very theme. To what extent does Rousseau embrace in his universal influence M. Bergson and his philosophy? No one of the distinguished foreign and French contributors to the Paris symposium, nor, so far as I am aware, any one else, has spoken clearly on this point. Yet this relationship would seem worth establishing, even though M. Bergson may not prove to be, as one of his admirers recently asserted in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, a more important philosophical figure than Kant, and probably as important as Socrates. Like other thinkers, M. Bergson can be understood only with reference to his background—the previous ideas that he is continuing or from which he is reacting.

I.

In any case what he is reacting from is perfectly clear. The so-called anti-intellectualist movement* of which he is

*Cf. A. Fouillée, *La Pensée et les nouvelles écoles anti-intellectualistes*. Alcan, 1911.

the leader is a protest against the scientific dogmatism that reached its height during the second half of the nineteenth century, a sign that the world is growing weary of a certain type of naturalistic positivism and its attempt to lock up reality in its formulas. The walls of that particular prison house of the spirit are plainly crumbling. Parts of the edifice have been collapsing of late with almost dramatic suddenness. M. Bergson's attack has been directed mainly against the pretensions of pure science to impose its methods on the study of the living and the organic. But even in the field of inorganic science itself points of view are appearing that would, if accepted, be in some respects a menace to the whole structure, the foundation of which was laid by Kepler and Galileo, Newton and Descartes. The "relativists," for example (of whom the chief is, perhaps, Mach of Vienna), have been arriving at novel conclusions regarding certain underlying conceptions of physics. What has been going on among the mathematicians may be inferred from the title of a recent volume—"Mysticism in the Higher Mathematics." The late Henri Poincaré put his emphasis on intuition rather than on intellect even in geometry (though the geometry was to be sure non-Euclidean).

There can be no doubt as to the shrewdness of some of the blows that M. Bergson has delivered at what one may term scholastic science. The danger is, of course, manifest that men may argue from the abuse of the intellect by certain pseudo-scientists of the mid-nineteenth century, a Herbert Spencer, let us say, or a Taine, against its legitimate use in scientific inquiry. The scientific intellectualists, especially the Darwinians, are as a matter of fact rallying briskly to the defence of their position against M. Bergson.

I have, however, neither space nor competency to discuss the bearings of the anti-intellectualist movement on science, whether organic or inorganic. My interest is in the contention that Bergsonism and similar tendencies are on their constructive side "humanistic" or "religious";* for both epithets have been applied to them. For example, a recent writer in the *Deutsche Rundschau* entitles an article on the contemporary French philosophical movement (he enumerates more than twenty leaders, of whom M. Bergson is only the best-known internationally) "The Renaissance of Idealism in France." I am going to examine M. Bergson briefly from this point of view, admitting that he does not represent the whole of the movement.

M. Bergson's aim, as he himself would define it, has been to rid philosophy of

*Cf. C. Colguet, *De Kant à Bergson, réconciliation de la science et de la religion dans un spiritualisme nouveau*. Alcan, 1911.

every form of the metaphysical illusion (including the scientific form) and so to make it vital—an aim that is in itself highly laudable. With the older type of metaphysician ordinary mortals felt that they had very little in common; they could at most address to him the Virgilian query:

Quis struis? aut qua spe gelidis in nubibus
haeres?

But the philosophers of late have been coming out of their chilling clouds of abstractions. If, on the one hand, they have been breaking down the barriers that separate them from science, on the other, they have been growing literary, so literary, in fact, that the time would seem to have arrived for the men of letters to return the compliment and become to the best of their ability philosophical.

The literary critic especially should be willing to meet the philosopher at least half way, if, as I believe, both are confronted at present by the same central problem. For to inquire whether the critic can judge and, if so, by what standards, is only a form of the more general inquiry whether the philosopher can discover any unifying principle to oppose to mere flux and relativity. We are told by the new school that any attempt to unify life in terms of the intellect and impose on it a scale of values, is artificial. We must oppose to this artificial unity our vivid intuitions of change, of the infinite otherness of things. Now, however little we may accept the whole of this thesis, we must grant that M. Bergson—and James, it seems to me, even more than M. Bergson—has rendered a service to philosophy in thus turning its attention to what Plato would have called the problem of the One and the Many. Most people, James admits, do not lose much sleep over this problem, yet he is right in thinking that all other philosophical problems are insignificant in comparison. If philosophy once gets firmly planted on this ground, it may recover a reality that it has scarcely had since the debates of Socrates and the Sophists. Instead of the intricate fence with blunted foils to which the intellectualists have too often reduced it, we may once more see the flash of the naked blade.

In his own dealings with the problem of the One and the Many M. Bergson is evidently not a new Socrates, as the writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* suggests, but rather a new Protagoras. But in the actual form that the philosophy of the flux assumes in him, he reminds us even less of the ancient sophists than of Rousseau. James, indeed, would have it that M. Bergson reminds us of no one. "Open Bergson," he says, "and new horizons loom on every page you read. It is like the breath of the morning and the song of birds. It tells of reality itself, instead

of merely reiterating what dusty-minded professors have written about what other previous professors have thought. Nothing in Bergson is shop-worn or at second hand." All this exaltation of M. Bergson's spontaneity has itself a highly Rousseauistic flavor. What one always finds in Rousseauism is the thirst for immediacy as compared with something that is secondary, artificial, conventional. Moreover, one gains this fresh contact with reality, not by rising above the ordinary intellectual level, but by sinking below it, though the Rousseauists have employed a thousand pseudo-mystical devices to convince themselves and us of the contrary.

Now, M. Bergson is plainly a Rousseauistic primitivist, in that he would have us get our vision of reality by looking downward and backward instead of forward and up. The opposition he establishes between concepts and percepts, between intellect and intuition, is nothing but Rousseau's old opposition between thought and feeling, the head and the heart. The good Bergsonian must come to feel like Rousseau, that his "head and heart do not seem to belong to the same individual." Any thing he can attain intellectually he is to regard as artificial, secondary, conventional, to be justified not philosophically but only practically (it will be observed that M. Bergson abandons both thought and action to the utilitarians). If a man would become philosophical, he must turn his back on both the intellectual and the active life, and "intuit" the creative flux; he must twist himself around, in M. Bergson's own phrase, and peer down into the vast swirling depths of the evolutionary process. He then sees life as it is, a pure process of motion and change, no longer artificially immobilized by the intellect:

II.

To the student of the romantic movement M. Bergson's constant insistence on intuition as opposed to intellect will seem very familiar. The whole movement from Rousseau down is filled with the preaching of the vital and the intuitive and the spontaneous, with protests against those who would, in Carlyle's phrase, convert the world "into a huge, dead, immeasurable steam-engine." The similarity here between M. Bergson and the German romanticists, between him and Schopenhauer, etc., has been pointed out. I should like to show, if I had space, that Goethe, in his warnings against the over-intellectualizing of science, also anticipated M. Bergson at his best. The pretension of the intellectualist to imprison both nature and human nature in his formulas is, as a matter of fact, intolerable. Taine offends as gravely in this respect as those earlier rationalists from whom Carlyle and the German Rousseauists were reacting. Taine would reduce man, to

quote his own words, to a "problem of mechanics," to a "living geometry," whose formula may be worked out and whose future may be predicted from his present in such a way as to eliminate time as an effective factor. But we must not, says M. Bergson, thus impose the geometric upon the vital order, or, what amounts to the same thing, confound the mechanical and spatial with the temporal. For the vital and the organic "time is the very stuff of reality," accompanied as it is by a "constant gushing forth of novelties," unpredictable from the platform of intellect. M. Bergson's treatment of time and of the rôle of time is perhaps the most original part of his philosophy.

But why are we forced to get our glimpse of reality by looking backward and downward instead of forward and up? Why can we not effect our escape from intellectualism by rising above it as well as by sinking beneath it? M. Bergson replies that to grasp what is above the ordinary intellectual level would require a special order of intuitions, and that, according to Kant, no such intuitions exist. But perhaps, in a matter of this gravity, it would not be well to trust too implicitly to Kant. If it is a question of citing authorities, we have Plato and Aristotle on the other side, supported, one is tempted to add, by the immemorial wisdom of the human race. "After reading Bergson," says James, "I saw that philosophy had been on a false scent ever since the days of Socrates and Plato." On the contrary, to get back to Socrates and Plato and Aristotle might be the best way of recovering the great tradition in philosophy after many years of wandering in the romantic wilderness; for these men, instead of being mere intellectualists, as M. Bergson is constantly assuming, put their final emphasis on intuition at least as much as he does—only the intuition in which their philosophy culminates is not of the Many, but of the One. In working towards this type of intuition the soundest method may still prove to be the Socratic and Platonic method of definition. Instead of reducing the intellect to a purely utilitarian rôle, as M. Bergson does, we should employ it in multiplying sharp distinctions and then put these distinctions into the service of the character and will. These sharp distinctions are, as it were, the railings on either side that protect a man in the toilsome ascent from the lower levels of his being and keep him from being precipitated into the outer void. The very word intuition is much in need of being defined, that is, divided and subdivided, Socratically. Good sense itself, according to Dr. Johnson, is intuitive, and this is a form of intuitiveness of which we stand in special need at the present crisis, for this word would scarcely seem too strong to apply to a time when

the philosophy of the flux is proclaimed so confidently and received with such applause. This naturalistic vertigo seized upon Greek society at the very height of its achievement and marked the first downward step towards the abyss. "Too many of our modern philosophers," says Plato in words that might have been written to-day, "in their search after the nature of things are always getting dizzy from constantly going round and round, and then . . . they think there is nothing stable or permanent, but only flux and motion."

M. Bergson himself admits the kinship between a philosophy of pure motion and vertigo. "In vertigo," says James in turn, "we feel that motion is." Perhaps that is why Rousseau, as readers of the "Confessions" will remember, deliberately courted giddiness by gazing down on a waterfall from the brink of a precipice (making sure, first, that the railing on which he leaned was good and strong). One might fairly, indeed, bring against Rousseau the charge that Aristophanes brought unjustly against Socrates—that of being a worshipper of the god Vortex. Faust himself is only a good Rousseauist, and at the same time a forerunner of the modern point of view in philosophy, when, having despaired of dealing rationally with the problem of reality, he dedicates himself to vertigo (*dem Taumel weih' ich mich*).

Now, we not only can define Socratically other forms of intuition besides this giddy "intuiting" of the flux, but we can bring to the support of our definitions a wealth of concrete illustrations that was not at the command of the Greeks. When Pascal, for example, says that "the heart has reasons of which the reason knows nothing," he evidently refers to the superrational intuitions. When La Rochefoucauld, on the other hand, says that "the head is always the dupe of the heart," he no less plainly refers to the region of impulse and instinct in human nature that is below the rational level. One might again so compare Rousseau and Pascal as to show that, though both writers make everything hinge upon the "heart," they attach to the word entirely different meanings, because they use it to describe entirely different orders of intuitions.

We might deal in a similar fashion with M. Bergson's assertion that we should strive to see life not *sub specie aternitatis*, but *sub specie durationis*. Let us cite a few examples of the opposite doctrine from the most diverse sources. "The sage is delivered from time," says Buddha. "Happy is the soul in which time no longer courses," says Michael Angelo. In "the core of God's abyss," says Emerson,

Past, Present, Future, shoot
Triple blossoms from one root.

And so we might go on indefinitely

lengthening the list of those who have found their supreme reality not in time, but in transcending time. For M. Bergson past, present, and future also melt together, but not as a result of transcending time, but, on the contrary, of plunging into it more deeply. He would have us feel time directly in its continuous flow and forget the artificial divisions imposed upon it by our "meddling intellects." M. Bergson's "direct vision" of time is, as a matter of fact, difficult to distinguish from the revery towards which Rousseau aspired—a point that might be made clear by a comparison of his Oxford lectures* with the fifth "Promenade." *Il s'agit*, says M. Bergson, *d'un présent qui dure*. In the ordinary enjoyments of life, even the keenest, says Rousseau, "there is scarcely an instant when the heart can say to us: I would that this instant might last forever" (*Cl. "Faust"*). But revery is a state "in which the present lasts forever" (*où le présent dure toujours*), and in which the soul suffers from "no void that it feels the need of filling."

To attempt to transcend time is, according to both James and M. Bergson, to fall inevitably into the metaphysical illusion. In general, everything that makes for unity is, according to these philosophers, dead, inert, merely conceptual. Readers of the *Nation* will remember the paper† in which James, adopting Taine's identification of the classic spirit with the spirit of abstract reasoning, concludes that the only way to be vital is to be romantic, that is, to expand from the One to the Many, or, as we may say, to fly off the centre. According to M. Bergson, the process by which one grows vital is not merely expansive, but "explosive."

III.

The underlying assumption of M. Bergson and other recent philosophers that a man becomes vital only by expanding from the One to the Many, only by moving from the centre towards the periphery, will not, as a matter of fact, bear serious scrutiny. The process of moving towards the centre may be just as intuitive and vital and also just as "infinite." For though a man may move towards the centre, he can never within the bounds of finite experience reach it. The romanticists have been assuming for a century or more that they have a monopoly of all the imagination and intuition. They have accorded at most to the classicist the possession of reason. But if a genuine classicist should appear in our midst he would agree with Rousseau that "cold reason has never done anything illustrious." In his warfare on romanticism he would oppose enthusi-

asm to enthusiasm and intuition to intuition. The way is open for a swift flanking movement on the whole romantic position. A man may, however, we must admit, make the proper distinctions and do all in his power, and then, instead of attaining "theory" in the Aristotelian sense (that is, immediate vision), he may not get beyond theory in our sense, and so become a fair target for M. Bergson. We are simply forced to say, in Joubert's quaint phrase, that some men's heads have no skylights in them.

Nor do we get round this difficulty by following M. Bergson. The sum of his message is that we should be aesthetically perceptive, that we should try to see life as the great artists see it. But it is no more given to the ordinary man to be as aesthetically perceptive as Keats, let us say, than it is to be as spiritually perceptive as Emerson. The enterprise in either case is of somewhat the same order as that of adding a cubit to one's stature.

We should not, however, spend too much time brooding on what would once have been called the mystery of grace. We should rather fix our attention on the feasibility of adding something by our own efforts to both our spiritual and aesthetic perceptiveness. For aesthetic perceptiveness is a precious thing if only it be directed to some adequate end. Right here it seems to me, is the fundamental weakness of M. Bergson. We are to perceive, in his own phrase, purely for the pleasure of perceiving. It is not we who are spontaneous in this system. We are merely privileged at most to contemplate the spontaneity of nature within us and about us, its expansive or "explosive" processes, without knowing whether these processes are moving towards any goal, or, if so, whether the goal is one with which we can concur. We do not, as the saying is, know where we are going, but merely that we are on the way. One might suppose that a spontaneity more worth having would be that of the individual who reacted upon his vital "urge," and imposed upon it the yoke of a human purpose. "Life," M. Bergson replies, "can have no purpose in the human sense of the word." It is hard to see how even its admirers can claim virility for a philosophy that would have us turn away from both thought and action and seek our vision of reality in an aimless aestheticism. It is at just the opposite pole from the philosophy of Aristotle, with its emphasis on acting with a purpose, a purpose, moreover, that is linked intuitively by a series of intermediary purposes with the supreme and perfect End itself. For if the intuition of the Many makes itself felt as vital impulse (*élan vital*), the intuition of the One is felt rather as sense of direction, as inner form, as vital control (*frein vital*).

* *La Perception du changement*. Clarendon Press, 1911.

† *Nation*, March 31, 1910.

IV.

Those who exalt vital impulse and deny vital control may, as I have said, simply err from lack of light. But they may do so for another reason that is far less flattering to human nature. "Most persons," says Aristotle, in his downright fashion, "would rather live in a disorderly than in a sober manner." The ordinary man, says Goethe in a similar vein, prefers error to truth because the truth imposes limitations and error does not. But the ordinary man is not going to do anything so crude and inartistic as to admit such a preference either to himself or to others. In lieu of the reality of truth, he would like at least to have its specious semblance. Here lies the everlasting opportunity for the sophist and the pseudo-idealist. The world, as the Latin adage puts it, wishes to be deceived (*vult riundus decipi*). The idea of decorum, as worked out under Jesuitical auspices, did something to satisfy this permanent need of human nature. Perhaps the last triumph of the genre was Talleyrand, whom Napoleon described as "a silk stocking filled with mud." Rousseau attacked and overthrew this conception of decorum, but only to set up a still more fetching form of pseudo-idealism. "You wish to have the pleasures of vice and the honor of virtue," said Julie to Saint-Preux in a moment of unusual candor. Saint-Preux would indulge his lower impulses and at the same time pass as a noble enthusiast. He would live in a universe with the lid off, to borrow an elegant image from the pragmatist, and yet be accounted "spiritual." Rousseauism on this side may be defined as the art of throwing a pseudo-idealistic glamour over unrestraint; or, in Lasserre's phrase, as the rapturous disintegration of human nature. You remain uncurbed (to take the form of this disintegration with which we are most familiar at present) but make up for it by clamoring furiously that curbs be put on other people. You enjoy the illusion of reforming society instead of settling down to the sober reality of reforming yourself. Lacking the substance of a thing, you at least go through the motions and flaunt your *panache* confidently in the eyes of the world.

The ancient tradition of the world is that wisdom abides with the One and not with the Many. In seeking to persuade men of the contrary, M. Bergson is holding out to them the hope that they may become wise by following the line of the least resistance, that they may grow "spiritual" by diving into the flux. Why the pathway that M. Bergson opens into "reality" should prove so alluring to the men of the present is obvious. Men are now devoting their active intellectual powers to building up a vast machinery, and then manipulating it to practical ends. The

intellect is properly employed in this way, says M. Bergson reassuringly, being as it is an obstacle rather than an aid to "vision." A man, we are to believe, may devote all his mental energy to the stock market, and yet be numbered with the sages, if only he succeeds in his odd moments in immersing himself in *la durée réelle* and listening, in M. Bergson's phrase, to the "continuous melody of his inner life." The romantic aesthetes and the utilitarians, the two classes of persons who have most flourished during the past century, are both flattered by this solution of the difficulty. The romantic aesthete that often co-exists with the utilitarian in the same man is flattered. The Bergsonian philosophy is indeed in its essence an ingenious *modus vivendi* between aesthetes and utilitarians. Like the kindred philosophy of James, it may be best described, to borrow the title of M. René Berthelot's book on M. Bergson, as *un Romantisme utilitaire*.

Let me repeat that I am not attempting in this article to do justice to M. Bergson's philosophy as a reaction against scholastic science. I have not emphasized, as I might have done, its striking originality in details. I have merely tried to show that in its general emotional expansiveness it is a late birth of Rousseaulistic romanticism, and as such allied with all that is violent and extreme in contemporary life from syndicalism to "futurist" painting. It would seem to encourage rather than correct the two great permanent maladies of human nature—anarchy and irrationality. In so far, instead of being humanistic or religious, it is at the opposite pole from humanism or religion.

IRVING BABBITT.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

While reading the new edition of Beaumont and Fletcher in the Cambridge English Classics, I was struck by the frequent employment of *ye* for *you* in "The Loyal Subject," which is one of the plays attributed to Fletcher alone, and it occurred to me that this usage might afford a supplementary aid to distinguish his work from that of his various collaborators. The test, so far as I have carried it out, has justified this expectation. Fletcher uses *ye* for both numbers and cases, and in both serious and comic scenes, with great frequency, and is distinguished by this mannerism from, at least, Shakespeare, Beaumont, Jonson, Massinger, Middleton, Field, and W. Rowley.

A good illustration of the value of the test in confirming the accepted attribution of parts in a collaborated play is offered by "The False One." Of this tragedy, Prof. G. C. Macaulay ("Cambridge English Literature," Vol. VI, chap. v, appendix) ascribes acts i and v to Massinger, acts ii, iii, and iv to Fletcher. A count of the *you's* and *ye's* results as follows: Act i, 55 *you's*, 0 *ye's*; act v, 30 *you's*, 1 *ye*; act ii, 61 *you's*, 31 *ye's*; act iii, 34 *you's*, 36 *ye's*; act iv, 47 *you's*, 45

ye's. The number of *ye's* here, in acts ii, iii, and iv, is characteristic of Fletcher, although the ratio often falls considerably lower. The other plays I have tested are as follows:

"Wit at Several Weapons." This is ascribed in the "Epilogue at the reviving of this Play" to Fletcher in part, and it was included in the first and second folios of Beaumont and Fletcher. It is ascribed by Macaulay probably to Middleton and Rowley, and this ascription is confirmed by the *ye* test, in so far, at least, as there are no signs anywhere of Fletcher.

"The Maid in the Mill." According to Macaulay, acts i; iii, 2 and 3; v, 2 (a), were written by Fletcher, the rest of the play by some one else, probably Rowley. The test distinguishes Fletcher's work clearly. Thus, iii, 1 (to "Enter Lisauro"), has 16 *you's*, 0 *ye's*; the rest of the scene (apparently Macaulay's "scene 2") has 25 *you's*, 19 *ye's*; iii, 2 (apparently Macaulay's "scene 3"; there are only two scenes as printed in the folios), has 55 *you's*, 59 *ye's*; v, 2 (to "Enter Antonio"), has 38 *you's*, 34 *ye's*; the rest of the scene has 73 *you's*, 0 *ye's*.

"Valentinian" is by common ascription and by the *ye* test all Fletcher's.

"Bonduca." This is attributed by Macaulay to Fletcher and Field, but by the *ye* test would belong entirely to Fletcher.

"The Bloody Brother." According to Macaulay acts i and v, 1, belong to Massinger; ii, 3, and iii, 1 (part), 2, and v, 2, to Fletcher; ii, 1, 2, and iv, 1, 2, to Jonson; iii, 1 (part), and iv, 3, to Field. By the *ye* test there is no sign anywhere of Fletcher. Possibly the whole text was revised by Massinger or another.

"The Honest Man's Fortune." Macaulay divides, "apparently," as follows: Tourneur, i; Massinger, iii, 1; Field, iv; Fletcher, v; the rest doubtful. According to the *ye* test, act v is Fletcher's; acts iii and iv show no sign of his work; acts i and ii have a few *ye's*, but a lower ratio than is characteristic of Fletcher.

"The Two Noble Kinsmen." The title page of the quarto (1634) gives this play to Fletcher and Shakespeare, and it is included in the second folio of Beaumont and Fletcher. Critics are now pretty generally agreed that Fletcher wrote part of the play, but the name of his collaborator is still in dispute. I may say for myself that I cannot conceive the style of the non-Fletcherian scenes to belong to the mature Shakespeare; the pregnant, allusive, crowded language points, in my judgment, more strongly to Chapman than to any other writer of the day. While going through this play I marked the words which seemed to me more or less uncommon. On counting them up I found the number to be thirty-six, and all of them, with the exception of "greise," evidently a misprint, fell in the non-Fletcherian parts. This eccentricity of diction again points to Chapman, although I have not looked for these particular words in his acknowledged plays. But this by the way. Macaulay ascribes to Fletcher acts ii, 3, 4, 5; iii, 3, 4, 5, 6; iv, 1, 2; v, 2, and parts of other scenes. The *ye* test, on the whole, confirms this division, but with the following exceptions: ii, 4, has neither *you* nor *ye*, but it consists of only a single speech; ii, 5, is non-Fletcherian; iii, 3, is non-Fletcherian; iv, 2, has no *ye's*, but is short; v, 1 (the first 19 lines), would belong to Fletcher.

"Henry VIII." According to the *ye* test, the following parts belong to Fletcher: i, 4; ii, 1, 2; iii, 1, 2 (from "Exit King"); iv, 1, 2; v, 3, 4, 5. Short and indeterminate scenes are i, 3, and v, 2.

The test when applied to the mixed work of Beaumont and Fletcher gives curious results. "Four Plays," which is, as the name indicates, made up of four independent pieces, shows a small percentage of *ye*'s in the first and second Triumphs, and a high percentage in the third and fourth. This falls in with the common opinion which attributes the first two Triumphs to Beaumont and the latter two to Fletcher. But in the plays which are units, such as "The Maid's Tragedy," "Philaster," "A King and No King," "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," and "The Coxcomb," the mark of Fletcher does not occur at all. It should seem that the writing here, at least in its final form, was almost entirely Beaumont's.

So far only I have carried the investigation; nor, I confess, have I gone through the literature of the subject to see whether any curious reader has forestalled me in the suggestion. So far as I remember, it has not hitherto been made. Possibly some one else, who has more time and inclination for this kind of work than I have, may push the test further, and may be able to draw nicer inferences as to the way in which Fletcher collaborated with the various dramatists of the age. One larger conclusion, at least, seems clear: the text of these plays must be pretty close to the form in which it was actually written down by the author; for if there were much revision by copyist or printer, this minute distinction of style would not have been preserved. The frequency of the *ye*'s does not seem to depend on the printer of the first or second folio of Beaumont and Fletcher, or of any of the separate editions, and it remains virtually unchanged for each play.

P. E. M.

Correspondence

A NEW THING IN AMERICAN POLITICS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: To-night it was given to Princeton men to celebrate the election to the Presidency of a man whom they have cherished long as one of their own, and have supported as a comrade and leader embodying a character new in American public life. No one who stood to-night among the crowd of Princeton men before Mr. Wilson's house and listened to his quiet words could have failed to believe that a movement has begun in American politics of the loftiest promise.

We have seen a man who had lived in retirement and simplicity, given over to scholarship and critical reflection, rise by virtue of native reason and strength and fineness of character to national fame—have seen him by these qualities win the confidence of a numerous people which has not hitherto been conspicuous either for trust or for interest in the type of philosopher-statesman. In the comparative seclusion of Princeton, which would seem to afford but little field for the development of the "man of action," he has grown to be one who has proved to Americans that

to increase and deepen knowledge is not to enervate the will; that high principles championed in the academy may be put into instant and vigorous execution if the people but yield their trust; that courtesy, reason in debate, and open-mindedness are not necessarily incompatible with our peculiar style of politics.

No mere learning, of course, should brevet any man for so high an office; yet I for one believe that, if not in themselves the mark and sign of political fitness, Mr. Wilson's degrees and the academic offices he has filled are the symbol of what may be a momentous change. Democracy has failed in no slight measure because it has refused to entrust power to men in high position. We now see the most notorious of democracies disregard the precedents of well nigh its entire career; discover for itself and repudiate counterfeit judicial conservatism; turn away from the arguments *ad captandum* of a man whom eight years ago they chose as President, and whose courage they still admire, to this quiet, earnest man whom the public has known only from his recent record as Governor of New Jersey, and whose "efficiency" can hardly be ascribed to chance, or, indeed, to anything but the unique life he has led as a student, as a critic of affairs, and as an inspirer of young men.

E. W. FRIEND.

Princeton, November 5.

FELLOWSHIPS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. William K. Prentice, of Princeton, asserts in the *Nation* of last week that universities are frankly competing with one another in the prices bid for graduate students, and that the students, tempted by the munificent baits of university fellowships, are lured into academic life, regardless of their opportunities for usefulness on the farm or in some other business. The conditions he portrays would indeed be alarming were they not clearly hypothetical; but even if there were a university faculty so weak in scholarship and strong in philanthropy as Mr. Prentice imagines, could it by such means attract graduate students? University fellowships commonly amount to about six hundred dollars, and often place the incumbent under obligations to engage in no other remunerative employment during the year. The price of graduate students, therefore, is comparatively reasonable, and the incompetent professor hires them to listen to him rather than stenographers or plumbers (who would serve just as well to give him an appearance of usefulness) simply because they are less expensive. What young man would not waste a year of his time listening to such a professor, what scholar would not desert his libraries and the stimulus of kindred minds for half a plumber's wage?

Columbia University is conspicuous for its success in building up a large graduate school in the last dozen years, and its business methods have been called commercial. There are twenty-four fellowships open to about twelve hundred men graduates. Each student, therefore, has something like one chance in fifty of receiving an award. Furthermore, a glance at the present list of fellows shows that all

but two had spent at least a year in graduate study, and hence had fairly embarked upon their professions, before being appointed fellows. Here, then, is one large and important university where the system of fellowships cannot justly be included in any such sweeping indictment.

But in asserting that young men of real ability and force of character cannot be induced to enter an academic life unless they are lured from the farm or from business occupations by the glitter of university fellowships, Mr. Prentice makes a more serious charge against the teaching profession. Are we to believe that only a fool would be a scholar? If it is true that students undertake to become college professors only in hopes of immediate or ultimate reward, then indeed they are short-sighted. But the young man who deliberately decides to become a scholar because he is born to that calling and can be nothing else, may have talents in his way and still be willing to prepare himself for teaching. He may even allow himself to be subsidized and yet maintain an average character. Perhaps he may soothe his wounded pride by reflecting that had he elected the career of farmer or manufacturer, he would still be exposed under our tariff to the danger of a liberal subsidy. But the thing he will not do is to choose his university on any other considerations than the scholarly reputation of its faculty and its opportunities in the way of libraries and laboratories.

GEORGE F. WHICHER,

Fellow in English.

Columbia University, November 11.

COLERIDGE AND SOUTHEY AGAIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Sherman has done me a favor by remedying the incompleteness of my letter in the *Nation* for October 10, and a slight injustice by implying that I did not know the facts which he recites in his letter a fortnight later. I ought, it is true, to have mentioned the former schoolmate whom Coleridge met in London in September, 1794, who was agent for an American land company and praised the region of the Susquehanna. The anecdote would have suited my purpose, which was to show that the poets probably had in mind, with possibly many other examples of colonization, the particular plan which was at that very time being carried out by French *émigrés* in Pennsylvania.

That the Susquehanna project had by no means received its death blow six months before June, 1795, as Mr. Sherman says it had, is evident from a letter of Southey's to his brother Thomas, March 21 of that year, in which he says, "If Coleridge and I can get £150 a year between us, we purpose marrying and retiring into the country, as our literary business can be carried on there, and practicing agriculture till we can raise money for America—still the grand object in view." It was not till November 14 that Southey married Edith Fricker and set off to Lisbon, and it was only in November that he announced to Coleridge his abandonment of Pantisocracy. The change in Southey's plans, implying, as it seemed, a defection from principles which had until lately been rather loudly proclaimed, excited Coleridge's extreme grief and anger.

He had perceived a faltering in October. It was then that the blow fell, and it caused one of the deepest disappointments of his life.

I might add to Mr. Sherman's list of citations a reference to Coleridge's amusing letter to Southey in the autumn of 1794, on the propriety of taking servants and children to their Paradise Regained. At that time the scheme was just assuming something like definite shape. It had not yet attained all its magnificent proportions. Meanwhile, the French colony at Asylum was already established. Coleridge is, or affects to be, much concerned about the little Frickers, asking, "How can we insure their silence concerning God, etc? Is it possible they should enter into our motives for this silence?" The letter was printed in the *Illustrated London News*, April 15, 1893, and in Coleridge's *Letters*, I. 102.

Mr. G. S. McClintock, of Wilkes-Barre, a descendant of one of the Asylum colonists, has shown me a letter written by the Duke de la Rochefoucauld-Liancourt during his visit to the settlement, in which he gives a more favorable account of its prospects than he printed in his book. In his letter the name of the village appears to be Asylum-le-roy. This would tend to confirm the tradition, mentioned in my former letter, that the colonists entertained some hope of harboring Louis XVII or Louis XVIII.

GEORGE MCLEAN HARPER.

Princeton University, October 29.

CHURCH GIFTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: At this time of the year when hundreds of teachers and students are having their attention directed anew to the Canterbury Pilgrimage, some of the readers of the *Nation* may be interested in noting that a fourteenth century custom referred to by Chaucer is to be found to-day in the negro churches of Kentucky.

In describing the Wife of Bath, Chaucer says that:

In al the parishe wyf ne was ther noon
That to the offring bifore hir sholde goon;
And if ther dide, certeyn, so wrooth was she,
That she was out of alle charitee.

The editors explain that at that time no collection box or plate was passed through the audience as now, but that the people carried their offerings of bread, cake, or wine to the altar. The Wife of Bath desired to lead the procession, as that was the place of greatest prominence. In our negro churches gifts of money have taken the place of the offerings in kind, but they are still carried to the front of the church by the givers themselves, just as in Chaucer's day. And, though the question of precedence causes no rivalry now, there are as great, if not greater, opportunities for display. The place for the offering is usually a table just in front of the pulpit, and the people walk down the aisle and place their gifts on the table, with as great a consciousness of their importance as ever the Wife of Bath could have had.

One of my cousins had a servant who asked for twenty-five cents every time she went to church. As the girl was earning only a dollar or so a week, her contributions seemed disproportionately large, and my cousin attempted to reason with her.

"La, Miss Susie," said the girl, "those that don't give as much as a quarter don't get their names read out, and I should die for shame if I was at church and didn't get my name read out." What would not the Wife of Bath have given to have had her name "read out"?

LOUISE DUDLEY.

Georgetown, Ky., November 5.

Literature

A TYPICAL AMERICAN.

Mark Twain. By Albert Bigelow Paine. New York: Harper & Bros. 3 vols. \$7 net.

The reviewer sat down before these three thick volumes with a determination to do his duty, yet with a distinct apprehension that he should be overtaken by fatigue before he emerged from the two-hundred-and-ninety-sixth chapter and plunged into the twenty-four appendices. He was thinking of Mark Twain as an author of books; and his mind was still irritated by memories of the extravagant admirers who saluted the veteran of a thousand ovations as a superlative artist, a profound moralist, and a grave philosopher. He knew Mark Twain's works tolerably well, greatly admired three or four of them—the others much less—and wished them all shorter. He remembered that Twain had been writing autobiography in one form or another for fifty years, and that the later instalments in the *North American Review* had affected him as painful and terribly prolix. He reflected on the fact that Mr. Paine was a man of Western education and sympathies, that Twain was his literary idol, and that this biography was the fruit of six years' labor, during four of which the subject had offered himself for study and had dictated volumes of recollections. He suspected that these 1,719 pages would constitute a last disproportionate monument under which the old humorist would be buried. Then he opened the book and began to read.

When he left off reading two or three days later, he felt as if he had just returned from an exploration of the world, and were rounding out in tranquillity a restless life that had extended over three-quarters of a century. He looked back over a stream of experience of historical breadth and national significance, in which the writing of books had been only an incident. He had been carried back to the days of Andrew Jackson, and, with the hope and hunger of the westward migration, had drifted as the slave-holding John Clemens out of Kentucky into Tennessee and on to Missouri, and there had died, dreaming in poverty of his 75,000 acres of Tennessee land unsalable at 25 cents an acre. He had been born again in the son, half-educated, mischievous, and

eager, and had set type for a struggling little journal in Hannibal, Missouri, ten years before the Civil War, and had made his first sensation by printing in his brother's paper a poem inscribed "to Mary in H—l [Hannibal]." He had taken one end of a Testament, his mother the other, and had promised not to "throw a card or drink a drop of liquor," and had set out to see the world, still as printer, in St. Louis, New York, Philadelphia, Keokuk, and Cincinnati. But then he heard the call of the river, and for four years was a pilot, and studied the intricate mysteries of the Mississippi, and laughed and jested with rivermen from St. Louis to New Orleans, till a shell from the Union batteries exploded in front of his pilot-house and ended that chapter. Then for a few days as second lieutenant of an extemporized militia company, he rode a small yellow mule to the aid of the Confederacy. Next, the golden flare in the far West caught his eye, and, couched among the mail-bags behind sixteen galloping horses, he swapped yarns across seventeen hundred miles of plains till he reached Carson City, and became a miner, and suffered the quotidian fever of the prospector daily anticipating the yellow nuggets in the bottom of the pan, and filled his trunk with wild-cat stock, and knew the fierce life of frontier saloons and gambling hells. From the unfruitful pick and shovel he passed on into the bolsterous, bowie-knife journalism of the *Enterprise*, and thence to vitriolic humor on the *Morning Call* in San Francisco, and he sent his name to the Atlantic Coast with the "Jumping Frog of Calaveras County," and lined his pockets with gold by a great news "scoop" in the Sandwich Islands.

It was 1866, he was thirty-one years old, and his career had just begun. He now entered upon a forty-year engagement as a public lecturer, and competed successfully with Fanny Kemble and P. T. Barnum, and made himself known personally to hundreds of thousands, and convulsed them with laughter. At the same time he became a great traveler, peripatetic the cities of his native land, plundered the vineyards of Greece, presented an address to the Czar, visited Jerusalem with the Innocents, sojourned in England and gossiped with the Prince of Wales, in Germany and dined with the Emperor, in India and was entertained by a native prince in Bombay, interceded with President Krueger for the prisoners of the Jameson Raid, captured the cities of Australia and New Zealand, and exacted tribute from the whole world. Three or four years after the Civil War he began to throw off books as a comet throws off meteors. Then he took up the burdens of a publisher, bargained with Gen. Grant for his memoirs, and sold a quarter of a million copies where the other

bidder had planned for a sale of five or ten thousand. His imagination took fire at a dream of magnificent wealth, and he became a great speculator, and in one year invested \$100,000 in projects, and sunk a fortune in an unperfected type-setting machine, and went into bankruptcy. Then, at the age of sixty he girded himself anew and made another fortune in three years and repaid his creditors to the last dollar, and in a few years more had accumulated a third fortune for himself, and drew annual royalties equal to the salary of the President of the United States, and built himself splendid mansions, and rested from his labors on an Italian mahogany bed, clad in a dressing-gown of Persian silk. Then the University of Oxford summoned the printer, pilot, miner, reporter, traveller, lecturer, author, publisher, capitalist across the sea, and robed him in scarlet, and made him a Doctor of Letters, and he retired into unofficial public life till the call came to set his course towards the sinking sun.

This is not the biography of an author; it is the prose Odyssey of the American people; and it will continue to be read when half of Mark Twain's writings are forgotten. It will continue to be read because it conveys in relatively brief compass the total effect which he spent a lifetime in producing—with American recklessness and prodigality, with floods of garrulous improvisation. Mr. Paine lingers a little, it is true, through the mild Indian summer of Mark Twain's final prosperity, but that was the period of his personal relations with his hero, and we must forgive him if, like an artist infatuated with his subject, he paints us several portraits differing only slightly in attitude and shading. His first two volumes are really marvels of compression; he disposes, for example, of the trip to Palestine in twenty-odd pages, and of the voyage around the world in less; yet we venture to predict that he tells about as much of these famous expeditions as after the lapse of a hundred years a more sophisticated posterity will stay to hear. From first to last he rejects tempting opportunities to digress into history and overflow into description; he supplies only so much setting as serves to bring the actor into higher relief. He is under an illusion, we believe, as to the value of Mark Twain's theology and philosophy and literature—notably in the case of the "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc"; but his sense of what we may call biographical value is admirable. His book is full of animated and characteristic phrase, gesture, and attitude. He has extenuated nothing of his hero's weakness or his strength, and has set forth with all possible veracity the processes through which the man of the frontier became, without losing his es-

sence and his tang, quite literally the man of the world.

No one recognized more frankly than Mark Twain himself that in a sense he was a raider from the Border. He never pretended to be the thing that he was not, and, on the other hand, he was never ashamed of the thing that he was. He planted himself, according to the Emersonian injunction, squarely upon his instincts, accepted the "society of his contemporaries, the connection of events," and, with a happy faculty for turning everything to account, capitalized his very limitations. It was one of the secrets of his immense personal effect that he never felt nor looked like a scholar or a thought-worn literary person, but rather like a man of affairs—erect, handsome, healthy, debonair—in his earlier years like a prosperous ranchman, later like a financier, a retired field-marshal, an ambassador, or, as his friends would have it, like a king. It was an iron constitution, tempered in the Mississippi and tested in the mining camps of the West, that enabled him to endure the stupendous fatigues of his great lecturing tours, to throw off 100,000 words of a novel in six weeks, to toil—without exercise and smoking heavily—all day and half the night, and, when he was past seventy, to talk copyright for hours with a hundred and fifty different Congressmen and radiate superfluous energy at a dinner in the evening, or to play billiards with his biographer till four o'clock in the morning.

If a kind of unconscious frontier impudence persuaded him of his competency as a Biblical critic, and carried him into the realm of abstract ethics, and led him late in life to add the weight of his authority to the followers of Della Bacon, it was a kindred and valuable mental innocence that made the first fifty years of his life a perpetual voyage of discovery, sharpened his observation and his appetite for experience, and preserved the vernacular vigor of his speech. Had he undergone in his formative period the discipline of an older and firmly stratified society, he would have been saved from some lapses in taste, but he would have lacked that splendid self-confidence which is born of living among an homogeneous folk, and which in the long run explained his unrivalled power, on the platform and in print, of getting in touch with his public. As pilot, miner, and Nevada journalist he found his most profitable associates among men rather than among women, and there he formed the habit of addressing himself to a robust masculine audience—a habit which gives him an almost unique distinction in American literature, and marks him clearly as belonging to the heroic age. It is a significant fact that he was introduced to his future wife by her brother, who had become a great

friend of his on the voyage of the *Innocents*. It is an equally significant fact that the friendship terminated and the brother departed on a journey when he learned that the humorist intended to marry his sister. If Mark Twain ever became a lion among the ladies, it was because they liked lions, not because he accepted their conventions. He detested Jane Austen, her works, and her world; and unabashed he accounted for his antipathy: "When I take up one of Jane Austen's books, such as 'Pride and Prejudice,' I feel like a barkeeper entering the kingdom of heaven." What he thought of the "kingdom of heaven" he has set forth in another place. His religious ideas he had from Tom Paine and Robert Ingersoll—another mark of the spiritual frontier; his finer moral feelings, from his wife and from his mother.

In his rather heavy-handed attack upon Bourget, Mark Twain declared that there is *nothing* "characteristically American" except drinking ice-water. But on the occasion of a railway accident he wrote to a friend, "It is characteristically American—always trying to get along short-handed and save wages." If the eulogists of Mark Twain's humor could hold themselves to a strict inquisition, they would find themselves praising sometimes his legitimate triumphs and sometimes—with an admiration for success that is characteristically American—his colossal crimes. His humor has many phases, but in the main it depends upon the absolutely reckless release of that speculative temperament and imagination which ruined the pioneers in Tennessee and squandered a fortune in unprofitable inventions. Mark Twain's typical "good story" is something like a Western "good proposition"; it is a magnificent lie with an insignificant kernel of truth. If the truth evaporates entirely, the result may be painful burlesque—such as we find in the low spots of "Huckleberry Finn" and the "Connecticut Yankee." This Western humor depends also upon a perfectly fearless revelation of the reaction of the pioneer upon an unfamiliar environment. This is the prevailing humor of the "Innocents," and of some of Mark Twain's confidential communications: "Whenever I enjoy anything in art, it means that it is mighty poor. The private knowledge of this fact has saved me from going to pieces with enthusiasm in front of many and many a chromo." Nothing could be more delightful of its kind, unless it is the confession of a mistake that he made at Oxford after he had received his degree. At a dinner given at one of the colleges he wore evening dress, but found the assembled company clad in their scarlet academic costume: "When I arrived the place was just a conflagration—a kind of human prairie-fire. I looked as out of place as a Presbyterian

in hell." But this humor sometimes depends also upon a disregard of the proprieties, and on occasion it consists in nothing but this disregard of the proprieties. An example that pretty well illustrates this type may be found in the one-hundred-and-twenty-third chapter of the biography. The humor on this occasion consisted in reminding Gen. Grant and his veterans of the Army of the Tennessee and the six hundred guests at a great and solemn banquet that once upon a time their grim commander-in-chief was wholly occupied in trying to get his big toe into his mouth—"and if the child is but the father of the man, there are mighty few who will doubt that he succeeded." The house, we are informed, came down with a crash, and Sherman exclaimed, "I don't know how you do it!" But that was what, in the present state of civilization, should be called a crime. It is a crime against taste, colossal and barbaric. It is humor befitting the bronzed revellers in Carson City or the Welsh giants of the "Mabinogion."

Mr. Paine, like some other recent critics, dwells with a kind of retaliatory gusto upon certain Brahminical reservations in the welcome accorded to Mark Twain by members of the older New England inner circle; he is sure that the world is now having its laugh at the Brahmins. He reminds us also that, while Twain was still on a kind of nervous probation in America, he had been received with unrestrained delight in England. But the right explanation of the hesitation on this side of the water does not seem to have occurred to him. The fact is that Twain was hailed with jubilation by Englishmen because he answered perfectly to their preconceptions of the American character. They could enjoy him, furthermore, with the same detached curiosity and glee that their ancestors at the Court of James I felt in the presence of Pocahontas—another typical American who, as we read, received marked attention from the Queen, and accompanied her to the Twelfth Night revels. We imagine that some gentlemen in Virginia were a little worried lest it should be thought in England that all their wives were Indians—without deeming it at all necessary to apologize for Pocahontas; she was a lovely barbarian, to be sure, but she was truly representative only of the dusky background of their civilization. The Brahmins with some justice looked upon Mark Twain, and will continue to look upon him, as a robust frontiersman, produced in the remote Jacksonian era, carrying into the courts of kings the broad laughter of the plains, and only representing adequately an America that is already historical and almost fabulous. We would no more condescend to this Herculean humorist than to any other epic hero; we accept him heartily as we accept Robin

Hood and Charlemagne, the wily Odysseus and Dick Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London. But, surely, in this day, when we are all exalting the primitive, it should be thought no diminution of his greatness to say that he would be out of place in the "Divine Comedy" or "Paradise Lost"—to reaffirm that he is the hero of what our ballad enthusiasts call a "folk" epic, and that he wins upon us by the savory earthiness, the naive impudence, the lucky undisciplined strength of the folk hero.

CURRENT FICTION.

[THE CRIMINAL AS HERO.]

Out of the Wreck I Rise. By Beatrice Harraden. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Mary Pechell. By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Master of the Oaks. By Caroline Abbott Stanley. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co.

From the light-heartedness of the picaresque novel to the irony of "Jonathan Wild" or "Barry Lyndon" was a long step; but we have since made further progress in our treatment of the criminal as hero. As the male novelist and playwright has made a heroine of the woman with a past, so the female writer has begun to give the place of honor to the man with a past. We happen to have before us a group of three novels by women, in each of which a thief plays the part of hero.

By hero we do not merely mean a central figure about which the action revolves. We mean a person who is intended to appeal to our sympathies and even to our admiration. Not a few among the protagonists of modern fiction—Dr. Mitchell's François, for example, or the more recent and more famous Raffles—have shared the moral topsy-turviness of a Wild or a Lyndon. Whether as the fruit of heredity or environment (matter for argument between the Lombrosos and their adversaries), there is certainly a class of criminals to which the worse seems the better reason: witness the testimony in the Rosenthal case of current fame. Miss Harraden's gentleman-criminal, divested of the glamour in which feminine fancy arrays him, belongs to this class. Nevertheless, she appears to expect that the unprejudiced observer will find him, if not an admirable, at least a charming and compelling person. Looked upon with detachment, his only sure asset seems to be that fascination which the self-possessed and physically feeble rascal has for the eternal woman.

Adrian Steele is a successful playbroker who deliberately, and without any sort of necessity, cheats his clients of their royalties. He has made some thirty thousand pounds by giving false

returns of the number of performances, when one of his lesser victims gets on the trail. Now, Adrian believes he has only taken full payment for services which the amount of his commission mocks at. He has made these men what they are, and deserves a fair slice of their profits. But with wife and child, and position in the world, the prospect of exposure brings him suffering. So he turns for comfort to two women whom he has wronged and deserted years before. He finds them both still adoring and ready to vie with each other in bringing about the concealment of his crime from the world. They do not succeed, and there is only one means left for Adrian's rising out of the wreck of his life. Self-sacrifice? Regeneration through suffering? Nothing so commonplace, you may be sure. Leaving the three women who love him and the child he professes to adore, the contemptible rascal puts himself and his fatal charm in the way of an Alpine avalanche and vanishes in a mist of feminine tears.

The thief of Mrs. Belloc Lowndes is a more ordinary person. He has one claim on the reader's sympathy to begin with, which has never been challenged. If Richard Wigney's great-grandfather, the last Earl of Wolferstan, had been able to marry the woman he loved, Richard Caryll would now be Earl of Wolferstan. Not to be in line for that title has embittered his life from the cradle, and he has taken advantage of the position of trust in which he has been placed as a very young man, to embezzle a large sum of money—by way of protest against the laws of this unjust world. The crime has been hushed up for business reasons, and the young man has gone to Australia. Having made his fortune, he returns to England, buys up the ancestral estate, and wins the heart of Mary Pechell. A rival learns his secret, and it is for Mary to choose to share his second exile with him. Richard at least lacks the detestable complacency of Adrian, and we are rather glad to have him escape the legal penalty of his fault, though it does not greatly matter, one way or another.

The master of "The Oaks" is a more appealing figure from the masculine point of view. When a boy, he takes a small sum of money from a bank in which he has an ill-paid position, knowing that a check is on the way which will more than cover the amount. Mails are delayed for several days by a wash-out, and the technical theft is discovered. The authorities refuse to consider the special conditions, and proceed to make an example of the poor wretch. He breaks jail, acquires money, begins life anew, makes a respectable place for himself, and is about to marry the girl of his heart, when his crime comes to light. Given America for England, it is the case of Richard Wigney over

again, up to this point. But a consideration of honor causes the master of "The Oaks" to give himself up to the law, and so reveal his past to his betrothed, when he has only to keep silence to be safe forever. He pays the physical and social penalty which Wigney escapes, and his lady's loyalty is put to a correspondingly severer test. Of course, she passes it.

Caviare. By Grant Richards. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

This is not a highly moral tale. It is a sobering fact that such literary wares may now be looked for even from Boston. The chronicle of the two apprentices does not run as it did in Hogarth's day, and the hand that wrote the Rollo books would be powerless to sway the emotions of youth-to-date. We understand there is still a market for "Gates Ajar" and "The Wide, Wide World," but it must have sunk in the social scale; it is not composed of young maidens who smoke cigarettes, or young men who play with margins. They must have spicier fare—hence the title and content of the present story.

The hero is an English Honorable, who, after Oxford, has spent ten years idling about Europe. When it is said that the scenes of his present exploits are Paris, Monte Carlo, and Wall Street, an inkling will have been given as to the trend of the action. He meets the beautiful American girl (for, of course, there is one) at a questionable resort in Paris, to which her father, an American financier, has taken her; champions her through a difficult night; offers himself (to the father) as a suitor the next day. The father tells him he must go to work and earn enough to support her. If, after a year, etc. The Honorable assents, and sets out for America by way of Monte Carlo. At the Casino, by using a system touchingly based upon the name of his beloved, he promptly transforms two hundred pounds into five thousand. On ship-board, westward bound, he turns another penny by winning the pool on the run. Almost on landing he receives a market tip from a damsel (not the lady of his heart) whom he has succored aforetime—as it were, in his stride. In two days on Wall Street, his five thousand pounds become a million and a half. So they marry and live happy ever after.

RELIGION OF THE STARS.

Astrology and Religion among the Greeks and Romans. (Vol. IX of American Lectures on the History of Religions.) By Franz Cumont. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50 net.

Astrology, says Professor Cumont, an alliance between mathematics and superstition, is the most persistent hallucination that has ever haunted the

human brain. No one is better fitted than he to describe the history of this pseudo-science. But what he here undertakes to discuss is not so much astrology proper, divination by the stars, as astrolatry, the worship of the heavenly bodies. The present volume gives in popular form material contained in his larger work, "Oriental Religions in Roman Paganism." It is an admirable picture of the rise of Babylonian star-worship, its fusion with Greek philosophy, and the resulting emergence of a great religion which seemed at one time ready to contest with Christianity and Mithraism the control of the Græco-Roman world. The cult of the stars originated in Babylonia, but its development into a universal religion was the work of the Greeks. Just as the empirical Chaldean astronomy was converted by them into a science of astronomy, so out of the divinization of the heavenly bodies they constructed a religious system of compact dogma and lofty aspirations that appealed to and satisfied some of the best minds of the early centuries of our era.

It is not always easy, as Cumont observes, to distinguish the two components in the new astral religion, and he himself sometimes uses the term "Chaldean" without defining it precisely. This term was employed by the ancients to designate not only the Babylonian people and their learned class, the priests, but also the outsiders, Greeks and others, who adopted and developed the worship of the stars. How it is to be understood in any particular case in Cumont's description must be gathered from the connection. Thus he seems (p. 28) to regard the conception of "a Necessity, superior to the gods," as Babylonian. But this is hardly probable. The idea is certainly Greek (it is distinctly stated by Plato), and it is not found in any purely Babylonian document; the "tablets of fate," mentioned in mythical poems, are merely symbols of the power that was exercised by any dominant deity; in the later literature the fortunes of men are determined by the supreme god (in Babylon by Marduk)—there is no "Necessity" above the gods. Cumont's whole sketch of the "Chaldean" theology of the Alexandrine period (p. 28 ff) must be read critically. In the conceptions of the eternity of the world and the deification of Time, and in the worship of the world as a whole, one must look for something beyond the Babylonian star-worship.

The triumphal progress of the new astral religion is eloquently described by Cumont. In the invariability of stellar motions Stoicism recognized something akin to its conception of fate, and the great Stoic, Posidonius of Rhodes, Cicero's teacher, was an apostle of astralism in the Græco-Roman world. As time went on, the cult of the heavenly

bodies united itself with the better religious tendencies that had asserted themselves in the empire. Thoughtful minds turned gladly from the old anthropomorphic divine figures to gods dwelling in or identical with the mysterious bodies that went their way serenely, standing above earthly weaknesses. The spectacle of the starry heavens aroused religious emotion in certain minds, passionate desire to be one with the cosmos, and so to be freed from mundane limitations. The greatest of the luminaries took precedence in the heavenly host, Sol Invictus came to be regarded as leader and lord of all things in heaven and earth. Thus a monotheistic cult emerged—that is, the splendid figure of the Sun offered a satisfactory point of attachment for the monotheistic feeling of the time. To the stars also philosophers looked for the abode of souls after death; the old underground hades had disappeared, the future condition of the soul was to be determined by ethical qualities, inward purity could find an appropriate dwelling-place only with the heavenly gods or in the celestial ether.

This grandiose scheme of life maintained itself for several centuries, but with variation in details. It was sometimes pantheistic, a real worship of the cosmos; sometimes it recognized many heavenly divine powers, sometimes one supreme deity. Notwithstanding its alliance with astrologic absurdities, it helped to clear the religious atmosphere, and was one of the forces that prepared the way for the triumph of Christianity. Naturally, it appealed only to philosophic circles—the masses continued to worship the local gods or to find satisfaction in the mysteries (Mithraic and other) till these were absorbed in the Christian system. A survey of West-Asiatic and European history from the second century B. C. up to the present time would be necessary to make clear why it is that, while the astralistic cults proper have vanished, astrology has never entirely lost its hold on men's minds.

Rowlandson's Oxford. By A. Hamilton Gibbs. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. \$4 net.

Oxford is a theme pretty well exhausted, both from the inside and from the out, from the tourist and from the undergraduate point of view; yet Mr. Gibbs has caught a fresh aspect of the old city. The familiar drawings of Rowlandson are the ostensible peg on which he hangs his comments, but he allows himself a wide latitude, and the reproductions of the drawings are more by way of attractive adornment to the volume than having any direct bearing on the subjects treated. Nor are the drawings here shown identical with those made familiar through

the engravings. The engraver of Rowlandson's sketches had, it appears, his own ideas about the architectural beauties of Oxford, and gave a Georgian finish to most of the buildings represented, "so that some of the most beautiful and characteristic buildings in Oxford and Cambridge, so delicately portrayed by Rowlandson's pencil, are turned into rectangular monstrosities, the like of which was never seen in either university town." Mr. Gibbs, therefore, asserts that his illustrations from Rowlandson's water-colors "are here reproduced for the first time." This book would be valuable, if for no other reason than for the fact that the illustrations exhibit Rowlandson as something more than the rather coarse cartoonist we have generally supposed him. In the foreground are the comic scenes and figures with which we are familiar, but behind them are delicate tracings of spires and towers and quadrangles which reveal the artist a master in architectural draughtsmanship.

Rowlandson, however, is only the excuse for a comparison of the Oxford of to-day with Oxford of the eighteenth century. Mr. Gibbs is well qualified for the task he has set himself, which is to show that, though other things may change, the undergraduate is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. It being, as he tells us in his preface, but two years since he himself "went down" from St. John's College, he still has the undergraduate point of view; his memories are undimmed, his enthusiasms unspotted from the world. Consequently, if at times he is a little naïve, it is a refreshing naïveté, and when he compares the "Smarts" of yesterday with the "Bloods" of to-day, or writes of "Freshers" clubs, or Oxford tradesmen, or college discipline, he speaks as one having authority still fresh enough to be well remembered.

Mr. Gibbs has studied his subject with thoroughness, and gives us a very complete picture of university life in the eighteenth century. His authorities are contemporary records, and he quotes freely from that implacable 'varsity satirist and scourger of abuses, "Terra Filius." Certainly, there were not wanting occasions for satire in the Oxford of those days. The dons were a drunken, dissolute lot, and the undergraduates asked nothing better than to follow the example set them by their seniors. Degrees were bought and sold; university offices were sinecures filled by persons totally incapable of performing the duties nominally required of them by the statutes; well might Gibbon remember with disgust the absence of all encouragement to studiousness that he found there.

Things have changed at Oxford since then, and Mr. Gibbs pays tribute to the high ideals that inspire the dons of to-day; but the undergraduate, in essen-

tials, is the same now as he was when Rowlandson depicted him—a genial, happy-go-lucky youth, with a tendency towards the extreme in dress, a taste for metaphysics and dalliance with the Muses, and a healthy addiction to bodily exercise.

Carteggio di Alessandro Manzoni. A Cura di Giovanni Sforza e Giuseppe Gallavresi. I: 1803-1821. Milan: Hoepli. Lire 6.50.

It has long been undisputed that Alessandro Manzoni was the chief man of letters in Italy during the nineteenth century. He attained to that eminence when still young, and he held it till his death in 1873. Amid the political revolutions and the changes in literary fashions of more than fifty years, he reigned benignly, beloved even by those who were in no sense his followers. Leopardi was a greater poet and a far more significant figure, but he was never popular and national as Manzoni was.

Now, nearly forty years after his death, a fairly complete edition of his correspondence is promised. The first volume, which lies before us, covers the period 1803-1821; that is, from his nineteenth year to the publication of his Ode on the death of Napoleon. Always shy, and reticent even to his intimates, he nevertheless put into his letters much that helps us to trace his religious and intellectual evolution, and much that reveals his lovable nature. He combined great personal sweetness with a keen intelligence and sound taste.

During this formative period we trace his metamorphosis from Voltairean deist to fervent Catholic—a conversion which was brought about through the influence of his wife, Henriette Blondel, a Swiss Protestant who early embraced Catholicism. Although he remained unshaken in his new faith, Manzoni did not surrender his liberty of criticism; so that we find passages in these letters which, under the present régime at the Vatican, might subject him to ecclesiastical censure. When, for instance, he tells one of his spiritual advisers that the French Clericals have themselves to blame for bringing religion into disrepute by their political intrigues and ambitions and by their appeal to the state to prohibit all non-Catholic forms of worship, he seems to anticipate Modernist protests by more than eighty years. (His letter is dated April 7, 1820.)

But Manzoni was never a controversialist, and there is little theology in his letters. They abound in references to his "Inni Sacri" and to his plays, with discussions of Romanticism, with which Scott's novels were imbuing him. His "Carmagnola" had what some might call the good fortune to incur the sneers of the *Quarterly Review*. Goethe, by defending the "Carmagnola," introduced

Manzoni to the German public, a service which he reinforced a little later by translating the splendid Ode.

Some of the last letters in this volume hint at the "Promessi Sposi," which Manzoni had begun. There are a few references to contemporary events—the lynching of Prina, for instance—and many to the intellectual situation. The letters from correspondents, who number some fifty persons, fill out or explain Manzoni's own. There are portraits and facsimiles and brief notes. The editors expect to complete their work in three volumes.

Your United States: Impressions of a First Visit. By Arnold Bennett. New York: Harper & Bros. \$2 net.

Mr. Bennett is unduly cautious. In taking leave of his book, he says: "As for these brief chapters, I hereby announce that I am not prepared ultimately to stand by any single view which they put forward. There is naught in them which is not liable to be recalled." Mr. Shaw was bolder. Never having visited this country, he consented to write for one of our magazines the true explanation of American cities, but only on condition that not a change should be made in his copy, and he further implied that his word on the subject was final. That was magnificent. But to issue a book of first impressions and at the same time to fear that it may become outworn is to admit that one is only an ordinary human being. And who ever desired a critic to do that?

Mr. Bennett, perhaps because he yielded to the spell of this land with a too serious abandon, soon reveals himself to the reader as being not very different from many of us whom he came to explore. He acknowledges the superior comforts of our hotels and dwellings, with a shameless disregard of the romance attaching to such places abroad. Dropping into the American rhythm with surprising ease, he cannot understand why we are charged with rushing. We don't waste time in going about our business, but our goings and comings are so well organized that as he stops to recall the helter-skelter of a European crowd, we appear by comparison quiet and orderly. In good American fashion he knows, too, that Boston would like to be thought more English than she really is. One could wish that Mr. Bennett were not so facile. He has met us more than half way. Throwing off the drag of foreign traditions has left him an astonishing modernist. So absorbed is he in watching the great national machine in motion, hammering out the present and future, that any survivals of our past fail to touch him. So our system of education has for him no roots, it is all branches; and he is moved by them in

much the same way as the most modern pedagogue who is over-zealous to read efficiency in sheer numbers. For some reason, Mr. Bennett has never in his life stopped off at Oxford or Cambridge. Hence his estimate of our universities is not complicated by a comparison with those English seats of learning. He "liked the complete life-sized railroad locomotive in the engineering-shops" at Columbia, and, after two or three other glimpses, came away "with a deeper and more reassuring conviction that America was intensely interested in education, and that all that America had to do in order to arrive at real national, racial results was to keep on being intensely interested." We understand now why the English prefer to have Americans who visit them continue to twang through the nose; there's some subtle message in that twang. Figuratively speaking, Mr. Bennett, for the occasion of his visit, adopted our nasal, bringing us no world-old message and repeating much of what his friends and excellent guides about this land have told him.

But if Mr. Bennett is a momentary American, some of his impressions are those which Americans enjoy having and being reminded of. He has grasped the American business man more sympathetically perhaps than any previous visitor:

The attitude of the American business man toward his business is preëminently the attitude of an artist. You may say that he loves money. So do we all—artists particularly. No stock-broker's private journal could be more full of dollars than Balzac's intimate correspondence is full of francs. But whereas the ordinary artist loves money chiefly because it represents luxury, the American business man loves it chiefly because it is the sole proof of success in his endeavor. He loves his business. It is not his toil, but his hobby, passion, vice, monomania—any vituperative epithet you like to bestow on it!

He feels, too, though as dumbly as the rest of us, the meaning of our downtown skyscrapers—a meaning compounded of smoke and outline and human endeavor, the whole become beautiful in spite of itself. He draws a pretty picture of what is, after all, the nation's supreme hope—its youth—by saying briefly, "a number of young men and maids came out of a high-school and unconsciously assumed possession of the street." Finally, Mr. Bennett speaks with true understanding of a certain stratum of our civilization as illustrated by apartment houses in the Bronx: "Efficiency in physical essentials was inculcated—and practiced—by the landlord-company, whose constant aim seemed to be to screw up higher and higher the self-respect of its tenants." That a corporation should find its profit "in the business of improving the standard of existence and appealing to the pride of

the folk," was, to him, as it is to all Americans, a sign of genuine robustness in our civilization.

Courts, Criminals, and Camorra. By Arthur Train. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.75 net.

Entertainment, rather than instruction, is the purpose of this book. Its author does not hesitate to criticise our criminal procedure, but he rarely rises to a higher strain than that of banter, and never permits himself to be mistaken for a reformer. He enjoys a fling at *The Pleasant Fiction of the Presumption of Innocence*, but he holds out no hope that this fiction can be abolished. Nor does he invite the reader to any serious discussion of procedural problems which now vex our bench and bar.

When he passes from "Courts" to "Criminals" his resolution to amuse is unmistakable. The opening chapter of this section, entitled *Why do Men Kill?* was written, not because the author had pondered the theme until he was burdened with matured ideas. Quite the contrary. It was prepared, he assures us, because a genial editor had telephoned him to send up a story for January on the above lurid title. In other words, this chapter, as well as the remainder of the section which deals with Detectives, was produced to supply a definite demand for a prescribed sort of copy. Undoubtedly, it served well its immediate purpose, but whether it merits reproduction in book form is open to grave doubt.

No such uncertainty can be felt about the third section of the book. Here the reader can learn much about the Camorra in Italy. If he is entitled to be called the learned reader, he may know all that is here told, and much more. The ordinary reader, however, will glean a maximum of useful information with a minimum of effort. He cannot fail to enjoy Mr. Train's graphic pictures of the Camorrist trial at Viterbo. They are quite different from those which were presented to us in the daily press, less grotesque and less highly colored. Probably the experienced criminal prosecutor saw the same scenes with different eyes from those of the press men at Viterbo. Indeed, Mr. Train declares that these reporters gave the American editors just what they wanted—sensational copy. On the other hand, he has attempted to describe the trial as he saw it. He declares that "he has never in his legal experience seen a judge presiding with greater courtesy, patience, fairness, or ability, or keeping, as a general rule, under all the circumstances, so perfect a control over his court, as the president of the assize in which the prosecution of the Camorra was conducted; nor is he familiar with any legal procedure better fitted to as-

certain the truth of the charges which were tried."

Notes

Prof. W. P. Ker has collected for the forthcoming Vol. III of "Essays and Studies by Members of the English Association" (Frowde) papers by Gilbert Murray, A. A. Jack, J. W. Mackail, and George Saintsbury.

Macmillans announce "Socialism from the Christian Standpoint," by Father Bernard Vaughan.

Doubleday, Page & Co. will bring out in January "Bunker Bean," a novel by Harry Leon Wilson; and, somewhat later, books by Maurice Leblanc, J. C. Snaith, and F. F. Moore.

"Costumes, Traditions, and Songs of Savoy" is the subject of a handsome volume by Miss Estella Canziani, which Dana Estes will shortly have ready.

Lemcke & Buechner announce a new and thoroughly revised edition of Passow's Greek-German Dictionary, under the editorship of W. Crönert. It will be issued in about fifty parts at 2 marks 80 pfennigs each, for subscribers until the summer of 1913, when the price will be raised nearly half a mark.

Among the November announcements of the Yale University Press are the following: "The Moriarty of Yale," by Norris Osborn; "A Journey to Ohio in 1810," edited by Prof. Max Farrand, being the first volume in the Yale Series of Historical Manuscripts; "Greek Refinements," by William Henry Goodyear; the sixth volume of "Yale Biographies and Annuals (1805-1815)," compiled by Prof. F. B. Dexter; "The Index Verborum Catullianus," by Prof. Monroe N. Wetmore; and "Personal Names from Cuneform Inscriptions of the Cassite Period," by Prof. Albert T. Clay.

Henry Holt & Co. announce for this week: Stanley Washburn's "Trails, Trappers, and Tenderfeet in the New Empire of Western Canada," and "Some English Story-Tellers, a Book of the Younger Novelists," by Dr. Frederick Taber Cooper.

"From Steele and Addison to Pope and Swift" is the title chosen for Vol. IX of "The Cambridge History of English Literature," which Putnam's will publish immediately. The table of contents embraces the following headings: "Defoe—the Newspaper and the Novel," by W. P. Trent; "Steele and Addison," by Harold Routh; "Pope," by Edward Bessly; "Swift," by George A. Aitken; "Arbuthnot and Lesser Prose Writers," by G. A. Aitken; "Lesser Verse Writers," by Thomas Seccombe and George Saintsbury; "Historical and Political Writers," by A. W. Ward; "Mémorial Writers," by Thomas Seccombe; "Writers of Burlesque and Translations," by Charles Whibley; "Berkeley and Contemporary Philosophy," by W. R. Sorley; "William Law and the Mystics," by Caroline F. E. Spurgeon; "Scholars and Antiquaries," by James Duff Duff and H. G. Aldis; "Scottish Popular Poetry before Burns," by T. F. Henderson, and "Education," by J. W. Adamson.

The same house has in press: "Swords and

Ploughshares," a work on peace by Lucia A. Mead; "The Peace Movement of America," by Julius Moritzen; "Indian Pages and Pictures," by Michael M. Shoemaker; "Problem of the Sexes," by Jean Finot; "Bible Reading in the Early Church," by Dr. Adolf Harnack; "Protestantism and Progress," by Ernest Troeltsch, translated by W. Montgomery; "An Unorthodox Conception of Being," by William Ellsworth Hermance, and "Fine Books" (Connoisseur's Library), by A. W. Pollard.

An outline of Mohammedan history from 622 to 1522, in the form of annals, is the device which the Prince of Teano has adopted to anticipate his slowly proceeding work, "Annali del Islam." The period embraced by the five volumes of this *magnum opus* which have already been published is also included in the projected epitome. "Cronografia Islamica" is the title the shorter work will bear.

London journals express satisfaction over the Crown's appointment of Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch to be King Edward VII professor of English literature in the University of Cambridge, in succession to the late Dr. Verrall. As novelist, poet, and critic, Sir Arthur carries to his new position a mind uncommonly versatile.

Plans are taking shape for the second meeting of the University Commission on Southern Race Questions, to be held at the University of Georgia, Athens, Ga., December 19. The commission was organized last May at Nashville by Dr. James H. Dillard, of New Orleans, president and director of the Anna T. Jeanes Foundation. The membership is composed of one man from the faculty of each of eleven Southern State universities, as follows: James J. Doster, Alabama; C. H. Brough, Arkansas; James M. Farr, Florida; R. J. H. DeLoach, Georgia; W. O. Scroggs, Louisiana; W. D. Hedleston, Mississippi; Charles W. Bain, North Carolina; Josiah Morse, South Carolina; James D. Hoskins, Tennessee; W. S. Sutton, Texas, and William M. Hunley, Virginia. The chief object of the commission is to encourage the scientific and sane study of the negro question.

We have received simultaneously two translations of M. Bergson's "Introduction à la métaphysique," a brief work originally published in the *Revue de Métaphysique et de Morale* of January, 1903. One of these translations has been made by T. E. Hulme and published by Putnams, as "An Introduction to Metaphysics"; it follows a revision by the author and has profited by a certain number of alterations in the text introduced by M. Bergson to make his meaning clearer. The other translation, by Sidney Littman, is issued by John W. Luce & Co., as "The Introduction to a New Philosophy." So far as we have looked into these versions, each is expressed in clear English. Those who are familiar with M. Bergson's work need not be told that this little treatise is an excellent introduction to his larger metaphysical books.

Henry Frowde has produced an edition of the Waverley Novels in twenty-four volumes, printed on Oxford India paper, which is a model of publication for those who desire their Scott in small compass. The typography is remarkably clear, and this, after all, is the main thing. The author's introductions and notes are retained,

a newly prepared glossary is added to each novel, and more than 900 of the old illustrations are reproduced. To one detail only can objection be taken. No publisher, so far as we know, has had the courage and good sense to print the end of "St. Ronan's Well" as Scott wrote it, but each has reproduced the revision which he made in compliance with the utterly absurd squeamishness of the original publisher, and which deprives of zest and meaning one of the most finely conceived tragedies in the language. There can be no complaint that the present edition of the novel follows the example of all its predecessors, but at least the cancelled paragraphs should be printed in a note, as they have before been printed, so as to give the unwary reader some key to the anti-climax of the story as it stands. But that is a detail. As an offset, the volume which contains this novel and "The Surgeon's Daughter" extends to above 600 pages, yet presents a page of unimpeachable clearness and is of a size to slip easily into the pocket.

The five addresses which Nicholas Murray Butler has made as chairman of five of the last six Lake Mohonk Conferences on International Arbitration have been bound together in a small volume, with the general title of the address delivered this year, "The International Mind" (Scribner). The sub-title defines the book as "an argument for the judicial settlement of international disputes," but as each of the addresses contains something in the way of a summary of the progress made towards such settlement during the preceding year, the collection embodies an informal history of the movement since 1905 as well as the main points in the reasoning on its behalf.

The genealogy and public services of a widely ramified family receive further elucidation in Joseph C. Jackson's "British and American Family of Wolcott," published by the author at No. 138 East Thirty-fourth Street, New York. Mr. Jackson, who is a direct descendant of Henry Wolcott, of Windsor, Conn., takes vigorous exception to the method and scope of the earlier "Wolcott Memorial"; chiefly, it should seem, because of the failure of that work to include all the direct descendants, male and female, of the first Gov. Oliver Wolcott, and especially the Jackson-Wolcotts and their kindred. In spite of a discursiveness which leads the author into wide fields of historical and patriotic moralizing, the genealogical data appear to have been painstakingly traced. Needless to say, one who possesses the "Memorial" will need to have the present pamphlet also.

A vigorous statement of the importance of sea power in the rise and fall of kingdoms and empires is made by P. A. Silburn in "The Evolution of Sea Power" (Longmans, Green). Admiral Mahan is his inspiration. Human history from Xerxes at Salamis to Togo at Tschushima is his field. "To arouse and keep alive public enthusiasm in naval policy" is his aim. As a member of Parliament of the union of South Africa, he naturally emphasizes the importance to the English Empire of the maintenance of a strong navy. His account is interesting but based upon secondary material. He has no maps or diagrams to illustrate the subject and very few references to his authorities. He objects strenuously to the Declaration of London as more pre-

judicial to England than to any other country. The volume will doubtless commend itself to many, especially to subjects of the British Empire living in the Colonies.

The *Nation* (June 6, 1907) has already criticised at considerable length Prof. Mary Whiton Calkins's "Persistent Problems of Philosophy," and is not surprised to see that this excellent and succinct history of philosophy has reached a third edition (Macmillan). "The present revision of this book," the author writes in the preface, "has been undertaken primarily in order to relate its conclusions to the more recent of contemporary philosophical writings, and, in particular, to refer to the arguments against idealism so loudly urged by the writers who call themselves 'neo-realists.' Advantage has also been taken of the opportunity to amend and to supplement many passages of the book."

The Official Literature of the Civil War forms a great library. The unofficial history, the records of participants North and South, on sea and land, generals and privates, blacks and whites, women and children, as well as men, constitutes a vast accumulation before which the world to-day grows weary. This fact must impair the welcome extended to such a book as E. R. Hutchins's "War of the Sixties" (Neale), a compendium of stories of varying interest derived from participants of both sides in the war experiences. The tales are often thrilling, and always illustrative, but no more so than thousands of previous records.

"With Dante in Florence" (Dutton, illustrated), by Mary R. Lacy, is a careful and informing book, registering all spots in Florence that recall the exiled poet and his works, and giving a sketch of contemporary history. The list seems quite complete and accurate, though the custom of holding public Dante readings in Or San Michele might have been mentioned. Residents of Florence and leisurely tourists will find pleasure and profit in accepting the author's guidance. A few venial slips may here be noted. No alleged death mask of Dante has any authority. Leonardo Orcagna is an unwarranted form for Nardo Cione. By an obvious blunder the decorations of the Spanish Chapel seem to be dated in the fifteenth century. It is fairly established that Andrea da Firenze is their author. It would be difficult to find altar pieces by Giotto either in the Uffizi or San Marco, or woodcut illustrations in the early editions of Landino's Commentary. Such slight errors do not seriously impair the value of a book written with intelligent enthusiasm.

"The Hoosac Valley, its Legends and History," by Grace Greylock Niles (Putnam), brings together a formidable amount of information. There are legends of a Jesuit mission early in the sixteenth century. During the seventeenth, the valley, which was the east and west thoroughfare of the invading Mohawks, was the scene of constant warfare between them and the milder Mohicans. Its real history begins with the middle of the eighteenth century and the Dutch and Walloon settlements near the Hudson. Hardly later is the military occupation by the colony of Massachusetts at the head waters where now is North Adams. Its military history includes the heroic de-

fence of Fort Massachusetts against the French and Indians of Rigaud; Bennington, where Molly Stark was not left a widow, and the surrender of Burgoyne. Irving made his life studies of the Knickerbocker family in the lower valley, and Bryant as a Williams student made his first flights in descriptive verse. Such visitors as Hawthorne, Emerson, Thoreau, W. Hamilton Gibson, Helen Hunt Jackson, and Owen Wister have celebrated the charms of the valley. Under a Williamstown haystack during a thunderstorm, the brotherhood was established which promoted the earliest American activity in foreign missions. From colonial times the swift Hoosac and its tributaries have witnessed an extraordinary manufacturing development. To-day the valley reveals sensational contrasts between the country places in the upper valley and the abject poverty and ignorance of the poor whites, many of them richly tinged with Indian and negro blood, on the adjacent mountain slopes. In Mark Hopkins the region developed one of the great apostolic educators. Eccentricity, from Ethan Allen down, it has fostered even more generously. In fact, the chronicle is so rich and varied that it has oppressed the author. The compactness of the book makes it pretty hard reading. Still, all lovers of this beautiful region will justly welcome it. One of them resents the omission of such glories as the high passes of Berlin and Petersburg. Apparently these have no historical associations of note to justify their mention. May not, however, the "Volneyites" of Williams College, who drove the original missionaries out into the fields, have fortified themselves with the hard cider which within recent memory was still dispensed where Flora's Glen reaches the inner pass of Petersburg?

The two volumes of "Historic New York" (Putnam) have been bound together, the whole making a handsome book of more than 900 pages. In the new form, each volume retains its original paging and index, failure to note which is likely to involve the reader in difficulties. The tables of contents and lists of illustrations of both volumes are placed at the beginning of the book, but a still more useful device would have been the insertion, at the end, of an index embracing the entire series of monographs. As it is, however, the authoritative and well-presented information on various phases of the city's history during the first two centuries of its existence, contained in the volumes that were first published more than a dozen years ago, now appears in a shape that deserves to attract a fresh company of readers.

Dr. Reuben Gold Thwaites and Miss Louise Phelps Kellogg have edited, as Vol. III in the Draper series (Madison, Wis.) "Frontier Defence on the Upper Ohio, 1777-1778." Both editors are well known for their painstaking work in editing the sources of Western history. The particular series to which their present volume belongs is dedicated to the memory of Dr. Lyman C. Draper, whose labors as a collector made the Wisconsin Historical Society's archives the richest depository of Western material in the country. The cost of producing the series has been assured by the Wisconsin Society of the American Revolution. The editors have limited their choice of documents to be

published almost exclusively to the Draper manuscripts at Madison, and find their justification, no doubt, in the desirability of making that rich storehouse known to scholars; but serious objections can be raised to this method of selection. Dr. Draper's conception of history was the march of armed men, the din of battle, and the counting of the dead; and the collection which is called by his name is, therefore, too exclusively filled with documents pertaining to frontier warfare. The second objection is that many documents, more valuable than those published, could have been found in various archives. While at work on these Draper volumes, the editors might have made a collection of documents that would be approximately definitive for the history of the Revolutionary War on the Ohio. Their failure to do this will mean that the whole material must be worked over again by other editors who may not be so well fitted for the task; and we shall have more volumes in other series on the same subject, thus complicating the work of research. American historical scholarship is suffering to-day from this haphazard system of selection and editing.

The time covered by "Frontier Defence" is the period (1777-1778) when Gen. Edward Hand commanded the American soldiers at Fort Pitt and was expected to guard, with a handful of troops, the frontier from Kittanning to the Great Kanawha and to keep in check the Indians north of the Ohio River. Gen. Hand's earlier experience had not qualified him particularly to direct Indian campaigns, and, unfortunately for his reputation, his arrival at his post was contemporary with the beginning of British activities in the forts on the Great Lakes and the organized Indian attacks on the Virginia frontier. Although he was partly successful, no brilliant action of his can be recorded. The editorial work on the volume is excellent, and the long biographical notes on obscure men will prove most helpful to future historians.

The death is reported of George Knottessford Fortescue, since 1899 keeper of the printed books at the British Museum. He was sixty-five years of age. His special bent as an author was probably directed by certain early duties at the library, which included cataloguing a large collection on the French Revolution. In this field he has written several works, the best-known being "Napoleon and the Consulate."

Science

"Leading American Inventors," by George Hies, is in the list of Henry Holt & Co.

Science books among Putnam's announcements include: "The Story of Modern Nursing," by Lavinia L. Dock, being Vol. III of "A History of Nursing"; "Problems of Life and Reproduction," by Prof. Marcus Hartog, and the following Cambridge manuals: "House-Flies and How They Spread Disease," by C. G. Hewitt; "The Psychology of Insanity," by Bernard Hart; "The Individual in the Animal Kingdom," by Julian S. Huxley; "The Work of Rain and Rivers," by T. G. Bonney, and "Brewing," by A. Chaston Chapman.

The Geological Society of America includes in its circular announcing a winter meeting, December 28-31, at New Haven, the following paragraph, which deserves adoption by other societies:

A valuable feature of the regular and social sessions of our annual meetings has always been the attendance of students and other junior workers in geological science, as visitors. The Council desires to increase the number of such attendants, and with this object requests each fellow to send to the secretary, not later than November 25, the names and addresses of persons who, whether they can attend the meeting or not, are seriously interested in geology and deserv- ing of recognition as visitors, although they have not yet reached such standing as to gain membership in the Society. The Council will then write to the persons thus nominated, inviting them to attend the New Haven meeting.

A comprehensive view of China is presented in the *National Geographic Magazine* for October. Its wonderful system of canals for transportation, drainage, irrigation, and fertilization is described by the late Prof. F. H. King. He shows how, mainly by this means, a population of 400,000,000, tilling a region not a third as large as the United States, has subsisted for some thirty, and, perhaps, forty, centuries. The article is exceedingly suggestive as to what could be done to increase the natural resources and to prevent the ruinous waste in this country. Frederick McCormick, correspondent of the Associated Press at Peking, gives in "China's Treasures" an account of the principal pagodas, bridges, tombs, tablets, sculptures, and rock temples. A visit to Lhasa—the Mecca of the Buddhist faith—is described by Dr. S. H. Chuan, medical officer of the Chinese Mission to Tibet in 1906-07. There is also an excellent map of the Empire, and 145 illustrations, many of which are unique.

The teaching of geography occupies a prominent place in the *Scottish Geographical Magazine* for October. The use of statistics in connection with it is advocated forcibly and intelligently by B. C. Wallis. Not only do they enable the pupil to learn the intimate relation between man and his work, but they fill a gap in our educational curriculum, and "prepare the pupil for later life by teaching him how to discuss and appreciate the constant numerical appeals to his intelligence which face him then, both as a worker and a citizen." The old soulless method of teaching geography, according to Mr. T. S. Muir, in a paper read before the British Association, is slowly but surely dying out in Scotland. The new method is illustrated by this question in a recent written examination: "Describe the country that can be seen on a fine day from any good viewpoint near your school. Illustrate your answer by a sketch-map. Show the directions."

It was not until 1897 that a "Record of the Royal Society of London" was undertaken, to give information regarding the foundation, progress, and aims of that most honorable and influential society. A new edition of this record was proposed every five years, but this rule was immediately broken when a second edition appeared in 1901, to mark the beginning of the new century. No other issue was undertaken until the present year, the 250th anniversary of the Society's foundation, which gives us a third edition (Henry Frowde). Each chapter deals with a par-

ticular feature of the Society. The three charters conceded by Charles II are published in Latin and in English; complete lists of officers, members, benefactors, and trustees have been compiled or revised, and excellent reproductions of portraits of distinguished members are included. These records of the Society are preceded by an interesting historical chapter written by the president, Sir Archibald Geikie. The influence of Francis Bacon apparently led to the founding of the Society although no steps were taken until some years after his death. The actual organization grew out of the gatherings of a number of men who met together, sometimes in Oxford and sometimes in London, to discuss the new experimental science of physics. The most prominent of these pioneers were Robert Boyle, John Wilkins, John Wallis, John Evelyn, Robert Hooke, Christopher Wren, and William Petty. And from this modest beginning has grown a society which has included in its home membership virtually all the important English scientists for 250 years, and whose foreign membership is one of the most coveted prizes for scientific achievement. In contrast to its present established position, the Society met, at first, with much opposition, because of the feeling that its members were attempting to form an oligarchy to distribute among themselves all the prizes and positions open to scientific workers. The defence of the young association was undertaken by Bishop Sprat in his "History of the Royal Society."

Prof. Edward L. Stevenson, under the joint auspices of the Hispanic Society of America and the American Geographical Society, has issued a reproduction of the World Map, probably of Genoese origin and dated 1457, which is preserved in the Italian National Library at Florence. It is accompanied by a translation, freely revised and annotated, of a careful description of the original map, which was published by the late Prof. Theobald Fischer in 1886. The map as issued is a facsimile, not of the original map, but of a recent "hand-colored parchment copy," apparently based on photographs, with those portions of the map restored where the original colors have almost disappeared. The copyist, as well as the printer, evidently worked with much care under intelligent direction, and the result, although far from reproducing satisfactorily the map in Florence, is an important document. This Genoese map has long been known to students of mediæval geography, who have usually misread the date, which is unmistakable in the reproduction, as 1417 or 1447, instead of 1457. More than any other map of its time, at least among those which have been reproduced, this is "modern" in its frank acceptance of the evidence of travellers and in its obvious endeavor to sift the reasonable from the improbable. It is such a map as might have satisfied a practical man of affairs, a travelled diplomat, or, more probably, a merchant with distant correspondents. It shows the Nile rising in the great mountain lakes of the far south, as Ptolemy knew it; Scotland is properly placed; and the rivers and trading centres of the country tributary to the Black Sea are well indicated. Eastern Asia has much less the appearance of the modern maps, but the coast line and the fre-

quent legends show that the draughtsman was familiar with the reports of Marco Polo, the missionary travellers, and especially Nicole di Conti, the Damascus merchant whose return to Italy in 1444, after twenty-five years of wanderings, marks the real beginning of accurate European information concerning the southern Asiatic countries. Professor Stevenson has done a service of considerable importance, by making available a map which shows what the world looked like to Columbus and to his contemporaries. There was a great deal that the men of the fifteenth century did not know, but they knew a great deal more than is usually supposed.

Dr. Arthur Tracy Cabot, one of Boston's noted surgeons and a fellow of the Harvard Corporation, died at his home last week in his sixty-second year. Dr. Cabot received from Harvard the degrees of A.B., A.M., and M.D. At one time he was president of the Massachusetts Medical Society.

John Williams Mallet, professor emeritus of applied chemistry in the University of Virginia, died a week ago at Charlottesville. He was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1832, and graduated from Trinity College, of that city, in 1853. He set out shortly for this country, and became, successively, assistant professor of analytical chemistry at Amherst, professor of chemistry at the University of Alabama, and head of the ordnance laboratories of the Confederacy. He retired from active teaching in 1908. Professor Mallet was a member of many scientific societies in this country and Europe, and the author of various papers in scientific journals.

Drama

"The Honeymoon" (Doran) of Arnold Bennett, described on the title page as a three-act comedy, belongs rather to the category of superior farce, but exhibits more, perhaps, of the true dramatic quality than is to be found in any of this writer's "Polite Farces" or his more ambitious "What the Public Wants." Whimsical and insubstantial as it is in fabric, its characters are alive, and it presents one exceedingly clever study of a capricious, exacting, genuine, and fascinating woman. Flora Lloyd, a few hours after her marriage to Cedric Haslam, a famous airman, has a serious tiff with her husband, because the latter, who has promised her a full month's honeymoon, wishes to abbreviate it in order that he may fly over Snowdon before a celebrated German rival. He holds that his honor is involved, while she contends that his pledge to her, if he really loved her, should outweigh every other consideration. At the height of the dispute they are informed that the man who married them had never been ordained, and that they must go through the ceremony again. This she refuses to do, breaking off the engagement, although Cedric has unwillingly accepted her view of the case, on the ground that he is governed by expediency, not conviction, and in his heart of hearts still begrudges her the sacrifice he is making. Presently Cedric hears privately that the German flyer has broken his leg, and straightway he assures Flora that he has been thoroughly

converted to her opinion and begs her to go to church with him at once. But Flora also has heard of the accident, sees through the pretence, and turns upon him in lively fashion, after convicting him of a series of undeniable falsehoods. When he is completely subdued, she promptly agrees to marry him, because, in condescending to lie, he has proved his devotion to be sincere. The imagined complications, if wholly unreasonable, are, at least, ingenious and amusing, and are handled with sufficient plausibility. But the piece is of small account apart from the character of Flora, which is a really admirable study of feminine moods, artifice, and witchery.

It is a bold man who at this time of day will reject all previous interpretations of Hamlet's character and claim for himself the only true solution of the mystery—yet this is what Emerson Venable has done in "The Hamlet Problem and Its Solution" (Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Co.). Here in the author's own words is what may be taken as a summary of his theory: "Shakespeare, instead of showing the effect of 'a great deed laid upon a soul unequal to the performance of it,' has shown a limited deed of questionable expediency when considered in its absolute and eternal bearings, laid upon a soul too great for its performance as an unrelated obligation of mere personal revenge." And immediately after these words he makes the comment: "This solution of the problem, which, baffling Hamlet, has baffled all the critics, is the only solution which is in harmony with every scene and every syllable of the play, and this solution alone affords an adequate and truly psychological explanation of the tragedy." But what is this solution, as stated above, but a translation into vague phraseology of the familiar "conscience theory"—Hamlet was restrained by conscience or a moral scruple—which some pages before the writer had rejected so positively and, to our mind, so justly? Later on we have again the wire-drawn distinction between Hamlet's "relative or personal duty" as opposed to his "absolute duty," and it is his perplexity in the conflict of these "duties" which, according to Mr. Venable, furnishes the key to his character. There is throughout the book a good deal more of this vague and abstruse phraseology, concealing the real want of novelty in the author's thought, but, on the whole, the style of the essay is superior to the content. We do not see, however, that it marks in any respect an advance over the famous interpretations of the past.

"Bella Donna," the play which J. B. Fagan made from Robert Hichens's novel of that name, and which had a great success in London, when Mrs. Patrick Campbell played the principal female character, was produced in the Empire Theatre on Monday night, with Alla Nazimova as the heroine. It is this last fact that confers a certain importance upon the representation. The piece itself is inferior melodrama, both the personages and the incidents appearing conventional and crude when deprived of the literary adornments of the book. It unfolds a tale of unbridled passion and heartless treachery. Mrs. Chepstow, a notorious woman, fascinates and marries an innocent young gen-

tleman, whom she expects to inherit a title. Soon afterwards she discovers that he will do nothing of the kind, and she poisons him, at the instigation of a rich Egyptian for whom she has conceived a wild passion. Her husband is saved in melodramatic fashion by the intervention of an old friend, a physician, and at the last the false wife, rejected both by her husband and her Egyptian lover, has apparently no recourse but suicide. The whole atmosphere is morbid, feverish, and unwholesome. Madame Nazimova makes a striking display of her varied artistic resources in depicting a female embodiment wholly evil, actuated only by greed, expediency, or lawless passion. Technically regarded her achievement is remarkable, but it is almost entirely theatrical, seldom in the least degree human. Consequently it is antipathetic. It leaves the problem of her proper status as an actress still unsolved, but tends to confirm the theory that she excels chiefly in a somewhat narrow range of eccentric character, and has neither the imagination nor the capacity essential to the interpretation of the higher drama.

"Sylvia Greer" is the name of a new comedy by Anthony Wharton, which will be produced next Saturday in the Queen's Theatre, London, by Ethel Warwick. The heroine, daughter of a cynical old scapegrace, is in love with a poor physician, while her father wants her to marry a rich elderly profligate. C. M. Lowne and Guy Standing will be the principal male supporters of Miss Warwick.

Joseph Cave, the old English actor-manager, who first went on the stage as Tom Thumb eighty years ago and was intimately associated in middle life with Sadler's Wells, the "Vic." and the Marylebone Theatres, is still living at the age of eighty-nine, a poor brother of the Charterhouse. He sang in the Cider Cellars in the days of Dickens and Thackeray.

Many of the older generation of American playgoers will be sorry to hear of the death of Frederic Robinson, the old English actor, who was once leading man at Wallack's—in the halcyon days—and who in later years was long associated with Edwin Booth. The veteran has just passed away, in his eighty-first year, at Brighton, in England, where he had long been a paralytic invalid. He was never an inspired performer, but few actors knew their business so thoroughly, or could acquit themselves creditably in a wider range of parts. His efforts were, in the main, Shakespearean, and he was in much request for such parts as Ferdinand in "The Winter's Tale," the Antipholus of Ephesus in "The Comedy of Errors," Laertes, Arviragus in "Cymbeline," the King of Navarre in "Love's Labor's Lost," and Fluellen in "Henry V." He played Romeo to the Juliet of Adelaide Neilson, when she made her London debut—at the Royalty—in 1865, and was warmly praised. Towards the close of that year Lester Wallack engaged him, and he made his first appearance in this city as Sir Bernard Harleigh in Palgrave Simpson's "Dreams of Delusion"—a part he had performed at Plymouth the year before. Frontignac in Charles Dance's "A Wonderful Woman" was his second attempt. From 1868 to 1870 he was leading man at Selwyn's Theatre, Boston, and was generally recog-

nized as a high type of actor, scholar, and gentleman.

Music

Modern Dancing and Dancers. By J. E. Crawford Flitch. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. \$3.75 net.

Dancing, Ancient and Modern. By Ethel L. Urlin. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50 net.

Mr. Flitch has no patience with those who look on dancing as puerile or immoral, or as constituting the inevitably dull portion of a pantomime or the superfluous item in a vaudeville programme. He admits that ballroom dancing is the mere amusement of amateurs, unworthy of serious consideration, but stage dancing is or may be "an inspiration and a science." He is convinced that the time will come when dancing will once more hold the high place assigned to it by the Greeks and others of the ancient nations; indeed, he thinks that the historian of the future, when treating of the artistic activity of the first decade of the twentieth century, will remark as one of its most notable accomplishments a renaissance of the art of the dance.

After recalling a few of the facts illustrating the high esteem in which the terpsichorean art was once held, the author passes in review the different phases of the ballet during the nineteenth century. Taglioni's influence in renovating and developing the ballet is dwelt on, and there is a vivid account of the subsequent fierce rivalry with the beautiful Elssler, who also aroused a delirium of enthusiasm in the United States:

She was received by the President of the Union himself, Van Buren, surrounded by his ministers. During her visit to Washington, the wheels of legislation ceased for a time to revolve. It was decided that Congress should only meet on those days when Fanny was not dancing. Dollars rained upon her. Daily she received bizarre and costly presents—massive gold cigar-boxes and chemises embroidered with precious stones.

Such a craze could not last long. Though prominent critics and great men of letters like Théophile Gautier gave the same serious attention to ballets and dancers as to singers and actors, a reaction came. Jenny Lind, Patti, and other prima donnas succeeded in taking away the operatic focus from the "incidental divertissement." They were aided by the fact that the new dancers were not the equals of their great predecessors. Virtuosity prevailed, attention being centred on the execution of difficult steps. The public still applauded, but it was the kind of applause it bestowed on a dog walking on its hind legs. Wagner had tried, when "Tannhäuser" was produced in

Paris, to introduce a new kind of dance, but the ballet-master of the Opéra, on hearing what he wished, replied: "I see what you want, but it would need a corps of first dancers." Wagner, the author suggests, had he lived, would have found the "Prince Igor" of the Russian dancers a realization of the "bold and savagely sublime dance" he had in mind; but the time was not yet ripe for such a close alliance of the dance with interpretative music.

Thoroughly discredited for a time in the eyes of persons of taste, the stage dance seemed doomed to extinction, when suddenly something entirely new appeared which gave it a fresh lease of life. This was the skirt dance of Kate Vaughan, the fascination of which on minds artistic is illustrated by the fact that Ruskin and Burne-Jones "fell into each other's arms in rapture upon accidentally discovering that they both adored her." This was followed by the still more beautiful serpentine dance of the American Lole Fuller. To her Mr. Flitch devotes the most interesting chapter in his book. Strictly speaking, her art was not dancing; it was much more than that, and she herself was much more than a dancer. Her ingenuity in devising new color schemes and surprises amounted to genius. She was aided by the electric lighting which just then came into use, and her ingenious application of it in the diverse Rainbow, Flower, and Mirror dances had its influence on the stage-lighting in theatres and opera houses in general.

One regrets, after the author's sane remarks up to this point, to find him gushing like a school girl over the artificial and ludicrous antics of Isadora Duncan in her efforts to revive classical dancing by assuming the attitudes of figures on Greek vases while "interpreting" modern symphonies and piano pieces. She had numerous imitators, but, fortunately, the fad has almost run its abnormal course. Infinitely higher is the latest stage of the art of dancing as represented by the Russians. An interesting account is given in this book of the severe training which has yielded such remarkable results, and the repertory of these dancers is also described. Yet even this, the highest form of dancing the world has seen, is on the wane. In our own country it was a year's sensation. The following season it failed to interest. One feels sorry not to be able to share Mr. Flitch's sanguine hopes for the future; but the ballet has doubtless outlived its usefulness. Those who are interested in it will find this book, as this glimpse at its contents shows, interesting and suggestive. The final chapters are concerned with the English ballet, the revival of the Morris dances, and Oriental and Spanish dancing. A number of illustrations, some of them in color, adorn the book.

While Mr. Flitch loftily waves aside ballroom dancing as the pastime of amateurs, Ethel L. Urlin devotes the greater part of her volume to the dances of the people themselves, apart from the stage. She describes the dances of Indians and other barbarians, as well as those of ancient civilized nations, and mediæval sacred dances. The gypsies are not overlooked, nor are the Chinese, the Japanese, and the Hindus; military dances are dwelt on, and the final chapters are on the ballet and the revival of antique dancing in modern times. The book, which is profusely illustrated, will prove useful, particularly in schools where it is thought proper to make national dances a part of the curriculum.

A new Schubert biography by Walter Dahms has been published in Germany. It is based largely on documents not used heretofore and contains 230 illustrations.

The late Lina Ramann, who wrote a life of Liszt in several volumes, with the approval and aid of the great composer himself, kept a diary in which she jotted down her personal experiences with him and Hans von Bülow and other eminent musicians. The material for her Memoirs is to be printed under the title of "Lisztiana." The book will contain a number of letters from Liszt not heretofore printed.

The *Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung* of October 25 is a "Richard Strauss Number," issued by way of celebrating the performance of his latest works in Stuttgart. There are articles on him not only as a composer and a conductor, but as a politician.

Leopold Godowsky, the Polish pianist, who has not played in New York in the past twelve years, is to be the soloist with the New York Philharmonic Society Thursday evening, November 14, and Friday afternoon, November 15. These will be his first appearances; his first New York recital has been scheduled for Wednesday afternoon, November 27, at Carnegie Hall. During the present season in America, Godowsky will play six concertos—the B flat and D minor of Brahms, the fourth and fifth of Beethoven, and the two of Chopin.

Clara Butt, one of the greatest of living contraltos, will tour America from January to April, en route to Australia. Her husband, Kennerley Rumford, baritone, will appear with her in joint recital.

Ysaie makes his first New York bow at Carnegie Hall, Tuesday afternoon, November 19. The next Tuesday, November 26, he and Mary Garden give a joint recital in the same hall. Ysaie's first New York concert, with orchestra, follows Tuesday, December 10, with the Philharmonic Society at Carnegie Hall; that afternoon Ysaie is to play three concertos, the Bach, the Beethoven, and the seldom-heard Bruch in D minor. Ysaie and Godowsky give a joint recital in Carnegie Hall in the holiday week.

Liszt, who used to say, "I can wait," when everybody was eager to hear him play, but when no one wanted his compositions, would be delighted if he could come back and see the growing demand for them now. The German publishers are vying with one an-

other to supply good popular editions. Among the latest offerings to tempt serious students are the miniature full orchestral scores of the Mephisto Waltz and the first and second Hungarian rhapsodies for only a mark and a half each, and of the "Faust" symphony (which the New York Philharmonic will play soon) for six marks. These are published in Leipzig by J. Schuberth & Co.

Art

CONGRESS OF ARCHÆOLOGY.

ROME, October 26.

The Third International Congress of Archæology, which held its sessions in Rome from the 9th to the 16th of the present month, but which, with the excursions to Naples, Pompeii, and the surrounding country, lasted a full week longer, has been in every way, even down to such a detail as the weather, a notable success. The American delegates were Profs. A. L. Frothingham of Princeton, G. M. Whicher of New York, and J. C. Hoppin of Washington. Many universities, academies, museums, and other learned bodies were also represented. The small English and American attendance, due to distance and the early beginning of the academic year, is much to be regretted.

The enormous field covered by the science of archæology made it necessary for the Congress to divide itself into twelve sections. In the sections on Oriental and pre-Hellenic archæology, Sir A. J. Evans contributed a sketch of a new edition of the classification of the Minoic epochs. He now goes back to the division of the Minoic civilization into three periods, based upon the three styles of pottery that have been found. He observed that the stratifications afterwards found at Cnossos confirm such a division. He holds that communication between Crete and Egypt existed before the year 2000, and showed how the recent discoveries of Ægean remains in Egypt have gone to prove the synchronisms he had already maintained. Still another communication from Professor Halbherr of Rome on the Minoic stratifications was read in the author's absence. Now that the excavations at Hagia Triada have been completed, it can be definitely affirmed that the stratification there agrees with that established by Evans.

In the fifth section, on the history of classical art, the great sensation was Professor Frothingham's essay on the true origin and history of the Arch of Constantine, a part of which has already been published in the last number of the *American Journal of Archæology*. It has generally been supposed that the essential, structural portion of this arch was built in the time of Constantine, but that the architect took

eight reliefs from the attic of the arch of Marcus Aurelius, four bas-reliefs from Trajan's arch, and eight medallions from the arch of Domitian or Hadrian, and affixed them somewhat clumsily to this arch. Professor Frothingham is convinced, on the contrary, that it was built by Domitian, and that after this Emperor's death in 97 A. D., in consequence of the *memoria damnatio* immediately pronounced upon him by the Senate, it was partly destroyed. We know that it was decreed that his name should everywhere be erased, and everything obliterated that suggested his memory. In fact, Dio Cassius says that his triumphal arch was thrown down. Professor Frothingham's theory is that it was not entirely destroyed, but that everything about it was effaced which could recall the tyrant's memory; that the attic was thrown down, damaging the main cornice in its fall; that the triumphal frieze under the cornice was torn away, because it was a reminder of Domitian, but that the eight medallions were left because they were nothing but *genre* hunting-scenes. It was then left in this condition, undecorated, for about a hundred years, but in the third century, when the city was poor and no arches were erected except that of the Emperor Gordian, it was used as a sort of generic triumphal arch for whatever emperor received a triumph, and to commemorate each triumph bas-reliefs were added. Finally, in 313 the arch was re-dedicated to a single emperor, Constantine, and its restoration completed. The proofs for this remarkable theory seem to be entirely sound and convincing, though naturally so revolutionary an opinion will need some time before it can overcome all others.

In the same section, number five, Dr. E. Boise Van Deman, fellow of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, read a paper on the development of brick-faced concrete construction, which indicated some of the results of her remarkable investigations, which are by no means ended, into the history and nature of Roman concrete building. Her plan is, by the careful study of the concrete itself, and of the mortar and bricks, tiles, or other facing materials, in monuments of which the date is known from other evidence, to arrive at what may be called a building-canon for every period; and, furthermore, having fixed these canons, to determine the chronology of buildings whose dates are either unknown or have been wrongly attributed. No such attempt had ever been made except by Middleton, in his "Remains of Ancient Rome," who, however, studied only brick facings, and those incompletely. Miss Van Deman has been able to show, for example, that in the various eras, as the Augustan, the Flavian, and that of Trajan, Hadrian, and the Antonines, with their sub-periods, the concrete itself, as well as the

facing-bricks and the mortar in which they are laid, have certain well-marked characteristics that distinguish them from the work of other periods. The era of Trajan, Hadrian, and the Antonines is in this way shown to have marked the highest point in building of this kind, the periods before showing a gradual improvement, and those following a gradual decadence. But what perhaps is of chief immediate interest is that she can now prove that, as many have long suspected, the brick facing was used as a setting-frame for the concrete, and that wooden frames were not employed for this purpose, as Middleton and others have supposed. As to the relief arches so often found in the brick or tile facings, which also were a sore puzzle to Middleton, since, never being exposed to view, they could not be ornamental, and were, as he supposed, unstructural, Miss Van Deman is of opinion that they were decidedly of structural value, being used to reinforce the (facing) wall.

In the section on Christian archaeology, number eleven, Prof. Orazio Marucchi, De Rossi's distinguished pupil, presented an important paper on the latest researches in the Roman catacombs, especially the discoveries that have been made in the last two years in the catacombs of Domitilla concerning the Christian family of the Flavii, that is, Flavius Clemens, consul in 95 A. D., cousin to the Emperor Domitian, and his wife, Flavia Domitilla. There has come to light a tomb-inscription of a certain Narcissus, slave of Agrippina Augustea, in which his wife, the same empress's slave, is also mentioned. Marucchi's conclusion is that this is the Narcissus mentioned by St. Paul in the Epistle to the Romans, 16:11, which would be in accordance with the high antiquity he ascribes to these catacombs. In their vicinity have also been discovered remains of the tombs of the martyrs Achilleus and Nereus, from which it may be inferred that their martyrdom took place in the second century at latest, and not during one of the latest persecutions, as some have supposed.

The labors of the Congress were enlivened and diversified by excursions to Cervetri and Ostia in addition to the final excursion to Naples and Pompeii, by a largely attended banquet, and by receptions offered by the Sindaco of Rome and the Minister of Foreign Affairs. The next Congress will be held at Algiers in Easter week of 1915.

H. E.

Casual addresses of a graceful and well-informed sort make up the bulk of Lord Redesdale's "A Tragedy in Stone and Other Papers" (Lane). With the restoration of the Tower of London the author was intimately concerned, and the title essay which briefly sketches the annals and architectural

vicissitudes of the Tower is excellent good reading. Other essays are "Art and the Exact Sciences," "Leonardo da Vinci," "The History of Paper," "Apologia pro Horto Meo," a defence of exotics in British gardening. The more important and larger part of the volume is given up to reminiscences of Japan before the new era of Meiji. Here we especially like the vivid little paper "Feudalism in Japan," which is based on the author's actual observation of the brawling life of the last of the military daimios and samurai. Lord Redesdale writes with an amenity quite rare in these days and distinctly refreshing.

An interesting discovery has just been made in Rome. In the demolition of a portion of the old Palazzo Costa, close to the Church of St. Marcellus, many fragments of inscriptions have been found, among them one which has been attributed to Pope St. Damasus. This discovery caused the authorities to proceed cautiously with the work, and a careful examination brought to light, considerably below the actual level of the city, a building, the walls of which appear to date from the third century A. D. The general belief is that this building is an ancient Christian baptistery. A commission has been appointed to examine it, and the work of the demolition of the Palazzo Costa has been suspended.

Sir Reginald Lister, British Minister to Morocco since 1908, whose death at the age of forty-seven is reported from Tangier, was the author of an authoritative work on Jean Goujon, the French sculptor and architect.

Louis-Auguste-Théodore Rivière, the sculptor, who died in Paris Saturday, aged fifty-one, has several specimens of his work in Luxembourg Museum, including Phryné and Les Deux Douleurs.

Finance

AN "AFTER-ELECTION MARKET."

The passing of a Presidential election week without an "after-election boom" on the Stock Exchange marks the end of a rather long tradition. Prior to the election which ended the exciting free-silver-coinage campaign of 1896, the Stock Exchange had greeted the actual election news according to its mood of the moment, and for the most part it advanced or declined, as the case might be, in accordance with such other and non-political influences as had prevailed before the voting. But beginning with 1896, each of the four Presidential elections which preceded the present year has been followed by a furious rise on the Stock Exchange when the news was known—a rise so impetuous that speculators sat up all night in Wall Street and began to buy American stocks in London before even the London Stock Exchange had opened, and seven or eight hours before the New York Exchange had begun business for the day.

The election of 1912 provoked no

demonstration of the sort. No one could say, even two or three days after November 5, whether the Stock Exchange was pleased or disconcerted with the news. The one unmistakable fact was that the "after-election boom" tradition had gone its way with the oil-cloth capes, the exceedingly ill-smelling kerosene torches, and the processions of patriotic but footsore business men up Broadway, without which it used to be thought that a President could not be properly elected. It has apparently departed for the same reason as they—because the community made up its mind that there was no sense in them.

Having watched for two months the "curb odds" of 4 to 1 on Wilson, and having awaited unsuccessfully an "election scare" on the Stock Exchange, Wall Street seemed to have made up its mind on Wednesday morning that what happened the day before was precisely what it had expected. There were one or two tentative experiments on the Stock Exchange, first with an appeal to belief that everything would go well now that the vote had been counted, and next with an appeal to belief that ruin stared us in the face because the opposition had captured Congress. Each experiment attracted interest for an hour or two; then things settled down, and the Stock Exchange gave itself up to desultory discussion as to how Roosevelt got Pennsylvania, why California took four days to find out whom she had voted for, and whether Taft could hold Idaho.

In short, this appears to have been one of those occasions when the simple-minded Stock Exchange looks forward to a given event as certain to alter the whole financial position, only to find itself, after the event, confronted again with the same old considerations as before. Fortunately, those considerations are in the present instance such as excite agreeable emotions. A week, moreover, in which Wednesday reports the largest monthly iron production in the country's history, and in which Friday adds 150,000,000 bushels to a corn crop whose previously estimated size broke all records, cannot be said to have been limited, in the matter of interesting news, to the events of Tuesday.

Sometimes it is advisable to turn one's eyes elsewhere than to the Stock Exchange, in order to see what is happening. The largest crops of corn, oats, rye, and hay in the country's history; the second largest crop of cotton; the third largest crop of wheat; good prices for all these crops; a high-record output of steel and iron; urgent demand for both of them by consumers; monthly earnings on the large railway systems which surpass all precedent for the period, and a volume of general business which, measured by the country's

total Clearing House exchanges in October, broke all monthly records—the bearing of this on earning capacity, investing capacity, and capacity for industrial progress, is obvious enough. But people are somewhat apt to overlook its bearing in certain other directions.

It has very positive relation to such lately disquieting phenomena as social discontent, demand for haphazard legislation, clamor for the upsetting of established institutions of government, and enthusiasm for every new and half-baked political invention. How much the new prosperity had to do with the vote of November 5, is no doubt debatable. But as to what influence it will exert on politics and the public temper during the next twelve months, we have a right to judge from the unvarying past experience of governments with the effect of hard times and good times on political history.

There is left, of course, the tariff question. That is an old friend with many faces; we seldom fail to renew acquaintance with it, just before and just after a national election, and the Stock Exchange has been only human in beginning to talk, in a somewhat desultory way, of what we shall do if the tariff revision programme of the new Administration should "unsettle business." But circumstances alter our attitude towards such matters, and Wall Street is not fond of beating the air merely for purposes of sentiment. Perhaps—the general condition of things financial and industrial being what it is—we shall find Wall Street, after insisting for a while that if anything is done with the tariff, it will "spoil the trade revival," suddenly betaking itself to the more agreeable argument that the prosperity of the present season is too sound and strong to be shaken by fractional changes in the import duties, and that, with legitimate demand in almost every American industry running beyond available supply, the business community will be better employed in keeping up with such demands than in indulging in sorrowful recollections of 1894.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

- Adams, Joseph. *Ten Thousand Miles Through Canada*. Stokes.
Ade, George. *Knocking the Neighbors*. Doubleday. Page. \$1 net.
Æsop's Fables. Translated by V. S. V. Jones. Intro. by G. K. Chesterton, illus. by A. Rackham. Doubleday. Page. \$1.50 net.
Arnaldus of Villa Nova, A. D. 1290. *Conservation of Youth and Defense of Age*. Translated by J. Drummond A. D. 1544. Edited by C. L. Dana. Woodstock, Vt.: Elm Tree Press. \$2.
Balfour, A. J. *Aspects of Home Rule*. (Selections from speeches.) Dutton. \$1 net.
Bails, W. L. *The Cotton Plant in Egypt*. Macmillan.
Barclay, F. L. *The Upas Tree*. Putnam. \$1 net.
Bennet, R. A. *Which One?* Chicago: McClurg. \$1.35 net.

- Bergson, Henri. *An Introduction to Metaphysics*. Trans. by T. E. Hulme. Putnam.
Bernhardi, Friedrich v. *Germany and the Next War*. Translated by A. H. Powles. Longmans. \$3 net.
Bierce, Ambrose. *Works*. Vol. XI. Neale Pub. Co.
Big Book of Fables. Edited by Walter Jerrold. Illustrated by Charles Robinson. Caldwell Co.
Birmingham, G. A. *The Lighter Side of Irish Life*. Stokes. \$1.75 net.
Bligh, S. M. *The Ability to Converse*. Frowde.
Brantly, W. T. *Law of Contract*. Second edition, revised. Baltimore: M. Curlander.
Brown, Alice. *The Secret of the Clan*. Macmillan. \$1.25 net.
Brown, Ritter. *When Dreams Come True*. Desmond Fitzgerald. \$1.25 net.
Burn, Irene. *The Unknown Steersman*. Brentano. \$1.35 net.
Byron, May. *The Wind on the Heath*. Doran. \$1 net.
Cameron, J. A. H. *The Woman Hater*. Christian Press Assn. Pub. Co. \$1.25.
Campbell, R. J. *The Ladder of Christ and Other Sermons*. Boston: Pilgrim Press. \$1.25 net.
Carrington, Hereward. *Death Deferred*. Phila.: Penn. Pub. Co.
Castle, A. and E. *The Lure of Life*. Doubleday. Page. \$1.35 net.
Cawein, Madison. *The Pset, the Fool, and The Faeries*. Boston: Small, Maynard. \$1.50 net.
Chancellor, E. B. *The Annals of Fleet Street: The Annals of the Strand* (London). Stokes.
Channon, F. E. *The Stalwarts: How Oxford Students Stood for Protestantism*. American Tract Society. 50 cents net.
Cheffaud, P. H. *Georges Peele (1558-1596?)*. Paris: Félix Alcan.
Churchill, William. *Easter Island: The Rapanui Speech and the Peopling of Southeast Polynesia*. Carnegie Institution of Washington.
Ciolkowska, Muriel. *Redin*. (Little Books on Art Series.) Chicago: McClurg. \$1 net.
Coates, F. E. *The Unconquered Air and Other Poems*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. \$1.25 net.
Cobb, I. S. *Cobb's Anatomy: Back Home*. Doran. 75 cents net; \$1.25 net.
Cody, H. A. *An Apostle of the North: Memoirs of the Rt. Rev. William Carpenter Bompas*. Third edition. Dutton. \$1.50 net.
Coester, Alfred. *A Spanish Grammar*. Boston: Ginn. \$1.25.
Collins, Joseph. *Sleep and the Sleepless*. Sturgis & Walton. \$1 net.
Cust, R. H. H. *Benvenuto Cellini*. (Little Books on Art.) Chicago: McClurg. \$1 net.
Cuthbert, Father. *Life of St. Francis of Assisi*. Longmans. \$3.50 net.
Dalton, L. V. *Venezuela*. Scribner.
Daring, Hope. *The Gordons*. American Tract Society. 50 cents net.
Dobson, Austin. *At Prior Park, and Other Papers*. Stokes.
Douglas, G. W. *Essays in Appreciation*. Longmans. \$1.20 net.
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